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Kenya Settlers' Nightmare

THE Kenya Legislative Council (which has no elected African member) has debated seven Emergency Acts which would lead one to suppose that the colony is faced by dangerous revolt. Severe restrictions are proposed on freedom of speech, writing, meeting, association and movement. All printing presses are to be licensed; all societies with more than ten members are to be registered (except co-operatives and trade unions, already registered, and Freemasons); and Provincial Commissioners are given power to deport "to a restricted area" any persons who they are satisfied are members of the secret organisation, Mau Mau. At the same time the armed police are being heavily increased, a curfew has been imposed in districts adjacent to European communities, and public meetings have been banned.

What justification is there for these extreme measures? Two grounds are given. The first is the existence of Mau Mau, which is alleged to be conspiring to expel all Europeans from Kenya. The second is a "crime wave," which has swept over Nairobi, Kenya's capital city. As to Mau Mau, the most extensive inquiries still leave it wrapt in mystery. Responsible Europeans, Indians and Africans in Kenya deny any firm knowledge of Mau Mau, apart from the allegations made by prosecuting Counsel in Court and sensationalised by the White press.

This does not mean that Mau Mau does not exist. It does not even mean that no African of standing has identified himself clandestinely with Mau Mau. The social and political conditions in Kenya are such that despair of constitutional advance may have gripped individuals. But the absence of a knowledge of Mau Mau by representative Africans does mean that its influence is limited. In African society it is difficult to keep anything secret.

There can be no doubt about the attitude of the responsible African leaders. When the press in Kenya began to publish hysterical speeches and letters about the danger of Mau Mau, the African members of the Legislative Council, with the Chiefs and leading figures in the Kenya African Union (now recognised to be the most representative African organisation), called a meeting of thirty thousand people not only to denounce violence but to warn Africans against participation in secret and subversive activities, and to appeal to them to discipline themselves against any provocation to break the law.

It can be stated beyond doubt that the significance of Mau Mau has been fantastically exaggerated by a group of European settlers, small in number but influential, who are conscious of the instability of their domination of Kenya. Mr. St. A. Davies, the Chief Native Commissioner and member of the delegation which recently visited the Colonial Secretary to seek British endorsement of the new legislation, has acknowledged that its purpose is not so much to meet an immediate danger as to safeguard society against future subversion.

The danger is, as Mr. J. E. Neep, Q.C., urged in the Legislative Council debate on the new Bills, that they will be used to suppress activities far beyond those of the Mau Mau. There is evidence from Kenya that an atmosphere of hysteria is influencing many of the European settlers and even some Government officials. Recently, for instance, the police brought four boys, two aged 10 and 11 years respectively, into the Courts and charged them with having been present at a Mau Mau gathering. The magistrate was sensible enough to refuse to hear the case against them. The more usual illustration is provided by the sentences which are being imposed in the Courts. Sentences from 18 months to 3 years hard labour for taking the Mau Mau oath or attending the secret ceremonies are not unusual. When the existing law is being administered in this harsh manner, one cannot but be apprehensive about the application of the more repressive legislation now introduced. Moreover the Kenya Government does not seem to appreciate that legislation which confines the public expression of grievances will encourage rather than limit the extension of underground activities.

Similarly the "crime wave" has been exaggerated and its causes widely misunderstood. There has been an increase in crime, but there is no evidence that it reflects the activities of Mau Mau or of any subversive elements. Speaking in the Legislative Council in July, Mr. Whyatt, Member for Law and Order, said that in the first six months of this year there had been no increase of offences against the person, and that the increase in offences against property had been 24 per cent.—actually less than in the neighbouring Protectorate of Uganda. Mr. Whyatt himself has offered sufficient explanation of this increase—a rise in the cost of essentials out of all proportion to the rise in wages of the very poor. But the root cause is land hunger, particularly among the Kikuyu tribe. Africans are being driven from the land, their traditional means of life, just as the mining population of South Wales were driven from its valleys during the depression of the Thirties. They are crowding into the towns in thousands, homeless, without work, without wages. The solution for discontent in Kenya lies in measures of land and social reform, not in measures of repression.

The British Government has at long last decided to send a Commission of Enquiry to Kenya. We hope that it will include members who will apply the principle theoretically accepted by the British Colonial Administration that the interests of the Africans shall come first.

Korean Debate

The new American proposals at Panmunjon go as far as seems possible, so long as the principle of voluntary repatriation of prisoners is upheld. The Communists are now offered a choice between permitting a "neutral" screening of their prisoners or agreeing on their transfer to a no-man's land from which they would be free to walk away to either side. If they could accept this offer of General Harrison's, the prisoner issue could possibly be settled. But there are as yet no signs that the Chinese are willing to give way on the question of principle that has been at stake all this summer. They may, of course, be waiting for the long-postponed debate on Korea at Lake Success, to which the Russians will almost certainly propose they be invited. It is eighteen months since the United Nations last discussed the war waged in its name in Korea and the Communists may well decide to wait to see how far opinion has shifted in that time. They know that discontent about U.S. Far East policy has been growing in some countries, and that there may be a new move to unseat Chiang's men and replace them with representatives of Peking. They cannot expect this move to succeed, but they may want to see whether any more nations intend to stand and be counted on this issue. The Communists, moreover, see that Korea offers them propaganda advantages which would be lost if they replied too hastily to the new proposals.

Anglo-American Under-currents

The exclusion of Britain from the Pacific Defence talks between Australia, New Zealand and the U.S., together with the exclusion of the U.S. from the British atomic test in Western Australia, draw attention to the degree of tactical manoeuvring which lies below the smooth surface of Anglo-American co-operation. It is one thing for a British Government to accept the principle of alliance against Moscow with the strongest anti-Communist power in the world; it is rather more difficult for the declining and the ascendant imperialist to work out without friction the details of their co-operation. The growth of American strategic influence in the Pacific—and the significant coolness of the Australian and New Zealand response to British protests—marks a change in Britain's world position, which historians may comment on as pungently as M.P.s surely will when the House reassembles. Mr. Churchill is reported to be alarmed, as well as angry, by this striking rebuff—after all, Britain is committed to war in support of the Commonwealth countries; and the military staff discussions on S.E. Asia between this country, France, Australia and New Zealand, which take place in Washington next week, are no adequate compensation for U.K. absence from the policy-making deliberations of A.N.Z.U.S. The exclusion of U.S. observers from the Monte Bello Islands should be seen against this background. Whitehall has long been resentful of the MacMahon Act, which forbids the U.S. Administration to share its atom secrets with outsiders. Now Britain is about to test her own bomb, much later than would have happened except for this Act. But the exclusively British development of the bomb has, as it has turned out, left Britain with a card which may prove a trump. For certain technical advances, as yet unknown to the U.S., are believed to be incorporated in the British bomb; and Mr. Churchill is clearly not prepared to trade them except at a price. General Bradley may be assumed to have had all this in mind, as well as the operational problems of S.H.A.P.E., when he spoke out last week against the MacMahon Act.

Why the Engineers Reject Arbitration

It will be ridiculous, as well as unfortunate, if the ban on overtime and piecework in the engineering and shipbuilding industries comes into force for want of a reasonable offer by the employers. The original demand for £2 a week has now been definitely dropped, and the unions are clearly ready to bargain. On the other hand, they are not prepared to go to arbitration, because they believe, with some reason, that under existing conditions arbitration courts are necessarily under some degree of Government influence, and also because they hold that the right time for arbitration is after, and not before, direct negotiations have been tried. In this case the employers' federations have refused real negotiation. The case for negotiation, as against arbitration, is particularly strong because it is not, or should not be, mainly a question of granting or refusing a general flat rate advance. The real grievances of the engineers and shipbuilders are two—first that certain groups of skilled men, mainly time-workers, are getting much less than others who are certainly less skilled, and secondly that the labourers, particularly again those on time-work or in occupations in which little overtime is being worked, are no longer getting a living wage. Such questions are better dealt with inside the industry than by outside arbitration.

Neguib *versus* Nahas

General Neguib has apparently learnt, as others have learned, that it is not possible for the incorruptible soldier to force his way to power, thus creating a revolutionary situation, without accepting the responsibility of leading the revolution he precipitates. He has, in fact, chosen to work in the politician's field and he is obliged to use the politician's tools. Hence the development of the struggle between Neguib and the Wafd. It need not be doubted that the anti-corruption campaign is regarded by Neguib as basically important in itself. But it is assuming a further importance as Nahas shows himself the only symbol of the old order prepared to stand up as a standard bearer. If Neguib is to be a revolutionary leader, he must assemble a mass revolutionary following behind him; and there is not room for more than one non-Communist revolutionary party in Egypt. But the mantle of the revolutionary—soiled and threadbare though it now seems—has been Nahas's professional uniform throughout his career and, if the new order is to succeed, Neguib's principal political task is to deprive him of it. This explains the vigour of the effort to catch Nahas in the meshes of the anti-corruption laws. It also explains the anti-British line of Neguib's recent speeches. It can well be that Neguib has genuine intentions of carrying out a mild social revolution in Egypt. But the Nationalist banner is also to hand, and he dare not leave it in Nahas's grasp—even though, on pure policy considerations, he might be tempted to secure his external flank for a time by coming to terms with Britain. In these circumstances, Mr. Head's "bloomer" at his recent Middle East press conference gave Neguib exactly the cue he needed.

No Headway in Persia

The Persian reply to the Truman-Churchill proposal of a dollar grant for Persia, if Teheran would agree to international arbitration on compensation to Anglo-Iranian and open direct negotiations with the Company on the marketing of the oil, inevitably suggests that Mossadeq feels confident he is still sitting pretty and can afford to turn down such conditional offers of aid. He demands in his counter-proposals, which, he says, must be accepted or rejected as a whole within ten days, that there shall be no compensation for the company's loss of expected profits, but full compensation to the Persian Government for the losses it has incurred from the "difficulties and obstacles put in the way of the sale of Iranian oil by direct and indirect activities of the former oil company." In other words, the British Government and Anglo-Iranian must concede in full the Persian case, in return for international arbitration on the amount of compensation to be paid for the taking over of the company's fixed assets. Nor is this all. Before this offer becomes open to acceptance the Company must pay the Persian Government £49 m. in convertible sterling—the difference between what it paid under the 1933 agreement and what it would have paid under the abortive 1949 agreement, if the Persians had not refused to conclude that agreement. This sort of diplomacy is liable to defeat its own ends and to make people forget the validity of the

Persian case for nationalisation. An effort is being made in Washington to blackmail the Administration with the threat that Communism will take over in Teheran if Mossadeq falls—a danger to which Mr. Truman must be sensitive in election year. The American and British Governments are not likely to be prised apart by such crude tactics. It is more likely that the reaction in Washington to the manner, no less than the matter, of Dr. Mossadeq's "ultimatum" will be a tendency to accept the optimistic view that more malleable anti-Communists than Dr. Mossadeq may be found if the situation is left to fester a little longer. Diplomacy, in fact, which has been singularly inept on both sides, seems to have reached a dead end. It remains to be seen whether the activities of Mr. William Alton Jones—or of individual British business men, as Mr. Stokes seemed to suggest in a recent letter to *The Times*—can lead to some sort of *modus operandi* of sufficient benefit to all parties to avoid the continuance of the British blockade.

Replanning London

Public hearings on the County of London Plan began this week. More than 6,300 objections to the Plan have been lodged, and Mr. K. S. Dodd, the Ministry of Housing and Local Government's Chief Inspector of Special Inquiries, has a tidy job in front of him in reporting on them to his Minister. 6,300 objections, individual and corporate, sound a great many; but they are not so many after all, in relation to the numbers who might have put in objections had they been so minded. Any Plan under the Act of 1947, if it is properly drawn up, is bound to affect a host of interests of every sort and kind; and a great many of the 6,300 will probably turn out to be not so much objectors as persons or companies which wish to reserve their right to object, in case they feel they need to when they see how matters are being handled.

Mr. Dodd and his colleagues have, of course, no power to decide anything themselves; they are only reporters on the facts to the Minister, with whom, under the Act, the final decision rests. As Mr. Rowe, representing the L.C.C., said on the opening day, the County Council has been attacked both for going too far and for not going far enough. The decentralisers hold that too high a density of population is contemplated in many of the inner areas of Greater London, while a good many anti-planners are strongly resisting proposals that would prevent them from putting up new factories or office buildings in already congested areas. As Sir Patrick Abercrombie, who was responsible, with Mr. Fanshaw of the L.C.C., for drafting the Plan, pointed out this week, this is not only a question of density of population or employment, but equally of the adaptability of the road structure and of transport to carrying denser traffic. For example, the road structure of Mayfair, designed for residential settlement, simply will not stand adaptation to a high degree of development for commercial undertakings; and similar problems arise in the East End, as Mr. Munby's recent book on *Planning in Stepney* clearly shows. In the East End, one great problem is what is to happen about the docks and the numerous enterprises that have settled close to them; and the L.C.C. has announced that it intends to make a study of this question as a whole, in relation to the objections that have been put in, and to prepare an amendment to the Plan in the hope of meeting most of them. As a whole, the Plan falls a long way short of what was hoped might come of it in the optimistic future; and it is to be hoped that the objections will result in improving it, rather than in whittling yet more of it away.

WASHINGTON

Nixon Aftermath

Our Washington Correspondent writes: If the outpourings of political emotion could be quick-frozen like orange juice and kept in the American deep-freeze until November 4, the Republicans would have no need to worry about the election result. Senator Nixon's soap-opera performance caused old ladies to weep, produced an avalanche of telegrams unrivalled since President Truman fired General MacArthur and engulfed the country with a wave of near hysteria. Nixon portrayed himself as the prototype of the All-American boy. He spared no political trick, exploiting the gift of a cocker spaniel to his children as no dog has been politically exploited since F.D.R. rocked the Teamsters Union with his mock indignation over the attacks on his Aberdeen terrier, Fala. He spoke with suave assurance, with Buchmanite sincerity, and with total oblivion that he might have done anything politically embarrassing, let alone morally reprehensible. Throughout, his wife, whose Irish name was also exploited to the utmost, sat watching with the expression of Whistler's Mother.

Nixon was upset when General Eisenhower failed to produce an immediate endorsement. He felt that the General should have travelled halfway to meet him, and at first was inclined to ignore the General's summons to fly from Los Angeles to West Virginia to suit the General's convenience. When Nixon finally arrived at Wheeling, Eisenhower had the humiliating experience of being pushed around for half an hour at the airport. Nixon stole the show, and when eventually he had received the General's official approval he broke down and wept on the manly shoulder of Senator Knowland, rather as the late General Patton was wont to weep under similar circumstances. Nixon need never have worried, however, for his appeal to the Republican National Committee, over the head of the titular head of the party, and particularly his direct appeal to the vast audience to bring pressure on the Committee, precluded any independent judgment by Eisenhower.

On the General's campaign train a battle had been taking place between one of the leaders of the forces who won the nomination for Eisenhower, Governor Sherman Adams of New Hampshire, and the originally pro-Taft chairman of the Republican National Committee, Arthur Summerfield. Summerfield was urging the immediate endorsement of Nixon, Adams wanted him dropped. Eisenhower indicated several times that he was undecided. Eventually he had no choice. Nevertheless the success of the Nixon broadcast had the immediate effect of outweighing the General's indecision. The crowds doubled in size, and the Vice-Presidential candidate became what he so rarely is, a major asset.

Nixon completely sidestepped the question of his income tax returns, an omission which Governor Stevenson drew attention to when he was forced to divulge the details of his own Illinois fund last Saturday. From now on the charges can be expected to pingpong backwards and forwards. The Nixon affair would naturally have had little impact but for the fact that the Eisenhower crusade has been almost entirely on the theme of honest men versus corruption. The original concept of an Eisenhower crusade, which would transcend party politics and unite all men of goodwill behind a sound internationalist policy and fresh national leadership, seems to have gone overboard. The General's speeches, which vary vastly in quality, according to the amount of trouble he bothers to take, are sounding more and more like those of the Taftites. As the *New York Times* well put it, he has gained speed but lost altitude.

Stevenson's strategy is to make a series of speeches, laying down his policy on a wide variety of different subjects, which can then be exploited and developed by himself and other speakers. In the meantime, helped by the Republican "we are not amused" attitude, he is establishing himself as a positive personality.

LEIPZIG

A Correspondent writes: Only a belief that "unity overtures" from the East Germans are at all times to be expected and accordingly do not merit special analysis can explain the Western failure to recognise, or admit, the significance of the timing of the recent Nuschke mission to Bonn. It coincided with the closing of the Leipzig Trade Fair, and there seems little doubt that it was intended to exploit the quite important contacts made at the Fair between Eastern and West German businessmen. Certainly, to anybody who visited Leipzig and measured East German satisfaction at the nature of West German interest in the Fair and all its implications, nothing was more natural as a corollary than a ceremonious entry into Dr. Adenauer's camp by delegates from the "People's Chamber" of the Soviet Zone.

Although the highlight of the Fair this year was undoubtedly the considerably enlarged range of goods that the East is now able to display in its most important shop window—the appearance of China as an exhibitor of machine tools was an unmistakable challenge to the West—a significant undertone was the greatly changed quality of the West German interest. Manufacturers of consumer goods and light industrial products in Western Germany, who have loyally and steadfastly exhibited at Leipzig for a number of years in the interests of inter-Zonal trade, became "small fry" this time alongside big industrialists who had extensive pre-war dealings with the East and who are now finding the lure of the China market in particular irresistible. They did not exhibit and, indeed, made it clear to their Eastern hosts that they would not be used for any public propaganda purposes. Unquestionably, however, their presence transferred much of the centre of interest from the actual Fair to the Leipzig hotels, where the most extensive talks took place with visitors from the whole Eastern bloc.

A recurring rumour that a Sino-West German trade agreement was likely in the near future was difficult to believe, but the whole significance of the 1952 Leipzig Fair is that it produced an atmosphere in which not even the most sceptical Western visitor was prepared to dismiss as completely absurd the idea of any such American "sop" to the Bonn authorities. Meanwhile Dr. Adenauer's problem is to answer East German promises of unlimited trade for a united Germany with "a market the population of which exceeds 800 millions." And an answer is made desperately urgent by figures, used most effectively in publicity at the Leipzig Fair, which show how West Germany alone is not sharing in expanding Western trade with a selected group of Eastern countries.

What Happened at Morecambe

For once the sensationalists are right. The Bevanite electoral sweep—announced Tuesday morning—has suddenly brought to a head all the bitterness, conflicts, and frustrated yearnings which have been swelling up below the skin of the Labour Party in the last three years. When the tumour burst there was an agonizing moment, though it is hoped that a few days later the patient will feel some relief. But medical attention is urgently required if poisoning is not to set in. The question is whether that attention will be available and, if it is, whether the cure will be based on a correct diagnosis of the underlying disease.

But, first of all, let us see exactly what happened. By Monday afternoon it was already clear that the delegates had come to Morecambe in the mood for a show-down. The Right Wing, consisting of most of the big trade union delegations, many Labour M.P.s, and at least some part of the constituency parties, had hoped at least to check the tide of Bevanism. The Left (the bulk of the constituency parties) was not only ardently Bevanite, but fiercely critical of the Executive and the trade union leaders. A snap vote on a badly drafted resolution on compensation, carried overwhelmingly on a show of hands and then reversed, produced the first clash between the block vote and the local parties. A few minutes later, another militant resolution (it was rumoured to derive from Trotskyist circles in Birmingham, and did have a slight smell of direct action about it) was opposed by Arthur Deakin and Will Lawther, in language so crude and abusive that it seemed expressly designed to cause a major explosion. The constituency parties were told to remember who holds the money bags, and their delegates were roundly accused of squealing whenever real industrial trouble blows up. The response from the local parties was not the humble submission which intellectuals and Members of Parliament always display when slapped down by trade union leaders, but the raucous anger of the outraged working man. The overwhelming majority of these constituency parties, it was clear, were not parlour "pinks" from Hampstead and Beckenham, but trade unionists who felt no inhibitions whatsoever about having it out with their industrial leaders. Indeed, they had come to Morecambe mandated by their local parties to stand no nonsense and to vote not merely on the Bevanite ticket, but for every resolution which challenged the leadership.

And this is just what they did. An analysis of the ballot for the Executive shows the following illuminating facts. (1) The seven successful candidates (including a rather unhappy Jim Griffiths, sandwiched between Tom Driberg and Harold Wilson, and selected, as we all know, because he is acceptable to everyone), received an absolute majority of the votes cast. Thus, the fear that a plethora of candidates would fragment the vote and confuse the issue was not realised. If a small anti-Bevanite slate had been drawn up, in order to maximise the Right-wing vote, the result might well have been the same. (2) The four Bevanites who were successful at Scarborough all increased their vote substantially. Bevan, indeed, got nearly all the million votes available, and Barbara Castle about 200,000 more than last year. (3) Crossman, in seventh place, with 620,000 was 40,000 ahead of Morrison. Then after a big gap came Dalton with 440,000; Gaitskell, in tenth place, had just over half the last Bevanite vote. (4) The rest of the field, which included such notable figures as Shinwell, John Strachey, Callaghan, and Noel-Baker, were also-rans with under 200,000.

On the basis of these figures it is clear that the 1952 election was a deliberate confirmation and continuation by the constituency parties of last year's pro-Bevanite vote at Scarborough. Local loyalties, service to the Party, and personal popularity, seem to have counted for very little in what was a clear-cut policy decision; a vote of no-confidence in the Old Guard. After long discussions and, in many cases, secret ballots at constituency level, a nation-wide vote of confidence had simultaneously been given to the six Bevanites by the core of conscious and militant Socialists who are the delegates from the constituency parties.

The debates followed the pattern of the voting. Nye Bevan's speech, characteristically brilliant, was dismissed as the merest demagogy by the Right, and wildly applauded by the Left. Herbert Morrison's able and equally characteristic reply to the debate on Tuesday was made the occasion for a huge counter-ovation. The Labour Party which, two years ago, was to all appearances united, divided at Morecambe into two armies arrayed for battle.

What is the cause of the rapid rise of Bevanism to a strength where it can challenge the powers that be? The prime motive force has certainly been the demand of the younger generation for something which the Old Guard apparently cannot deliver. This call was first heard as far back as 1949. But the younger generation was loyal to the Labour Government, though that loyalty was grievously strained in those last lamentable months of drift. Now it is determined to get its way and it is not afraid of Sir William Lawther or Mr. Deakin, though it may have been slightly disconcerted by its success in throwing Mr. Morrison off the Executive. The fact is that Bevanism is not a clear-cut alternative policy. It is in essence a protest against the drift to the Right of the last Labour Government and against the assumption by far too many ex-Ministers, when the Tories came to power, that they had the right to tell the Party what is good for it and to smack it down if it doesn't obey. A long and exhausting term of office corrupts the respect which Socialist politicians should feel for the views of their own supporters. They begin to imagine that along with their advisers in the Civil Service they alone are facing the facts, and they dismiss the ardent Party worker who expresses his views, as a woolly sentimentalist who should be seen and not heard. In some cases this even brings them to the point where they come to believe that a policy, to be courageous and realistic, *must* affront the sentiments of their own supporters. And so the suppressed tension between the policies of the official leadership and the aspirations of the rank-and-file, grows to the point where effective protest must back rival unofficial champions.

That point was reached twelve months ago at Scarborough. But Mr. Attlee remained blind to the danger. During the last year he could have restored the position (and, incidentally, saved Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dalton's seats on the Executive) if he had been prepared even to consider the demands of the rank-and-file for a more militant leadership. Instead, he preferred to regard Bevanism merely as a Parliamentary intrigue, a sham which concealed the personal ambitions of a gang of malcontents. Instead of using the enormous authority and prestige he then possessed to bring the rival factions together, he has remained inactive and permitted the rivalries to fester. Even when, on Tuesday morning, he opened the big debate on the next stage of Socialism, he made no attempt to rise to the occasion. His speech was so perfunctory that he gave the impression that he scarcely minded what the delegates thought, and was ready to doodle while Mr. Morrison and the other loyalists went down to inevitable defeat, and the Party he led split into two embittered armies.

What then is to be done? It is no use denying that the Bevanites' successes (and, even more, Mr. Morrison's defeat) has produced something akin to frenzy among the managers of the Party, who had never before faced an unmanageable challenge. In the immediate future the responsibility for preventing a split passes to the Parliamentary Party. Now that the rank-and-file party workers have repeated their demand at Scarborough for a more militant leadership, it is surely vital that some of the prominent Bevanites should serve on the Opposition Front Bench. But they can only do so if the Parliamentary Party forgets past grievances and elects a shadow Cabinet which fairly represents both sides. As one delegate said on Tuesday: "We have only seen two leaders here who count for anything—Morrison and Bevan. Some of us prefer one and some the other, but we all know that, together with Attlee, both of them are indispensable. They are the trio which could unite the Party." Somehow they must do it.

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London Diary

THE Labour delegates may have enjoyed the Morecambe Illuminations, the lovely view of the Westmorland mountains and the horse-bus rides on the wind-swept promenade, but I gather that the choice of place for the Conference was unpopular with journalists, who two or three times a day had to commute several miles from one end of the town to the other. The Executive's headquarters were in the Deep South, the conference hall in the Dead Centre, and a number of party and union leaders were exiled to hotels in the Frozen North. But this was not the only complaint. "Next year I'll have to go as a delegate," said a press friend who had been perched high up in the gallery of the Winter Gardens, "and then I'll be able to see." The man who sat next to him was following the proceedings with powerful binoculars, and other journalists were wandering round morosely, trying to squeeze into a box or the orchestra pit, and making their notes in odd corners. The Conference organisers, of course, had to accommodate one journalist for every four delegates, and there just wasn't enough room. The delegates themselves overflowed from the floor into the circle, and four rostrums had to be provided, two up and two down, so that it was hard to track down the source of the disembodied voices that came over the loudspeakers. My friend felt sorry for the chairman, who, he said, needed eyes like a radar scanner to detect delegates trying to speak. From the platform, the house was a blur of white faces against a fuzzy background of brown and grey, with Jennie Lee's red jacket the solitary splash of colour.

* * *

I asked how the delegates reacted to the *Sunday Pictorial*'s onslaught on Bevan. Most of them, I'm told, were annoyed by this clumsy attempt to stampede them. Even Right-wingers, who may share many of the thoughts which Hugh Cudlipp articulated with a finesse worthy of John Gordon, were embarrassed by such support. Several of the more prominent non-Bevanites were going round on Sunday urgently disclaiming any part in this unpopular intervention in Labour's domestic affairs. Whatever effect this editorial may have in the country, it clearly had no effect on the voting. Most of the delegates from the constituency parties had come with definite instructions how to vote in the Executive elections and on the resolutions; in any case they dislike being told what to do by the Sunday press. They can enjoy cheese-cake and crime on a Sunday morning as well as anyone, but they would never allow the headlines that skirt the nudes to have any influence on their politics. The Bevanite controversy, after all, has been going on for more than a year, and there can be very few local parties in which there has not been much serious discussion of the issue before this conference.

* * *

Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., was Counsellor at the British Embassy in China during the Second World War; he has been much in China since the war and talks Chinese fluently. He now firmly insists that the Americans have used germ warfare against North Korean and Chinese civilians. Last week he was cross-examined for over two hours in London by newspapermen and doctors on the value of his evidence and of the investigations of the Chinese-approved scientific commission. He was frank about his sympathy for Communist China; he admitted that all scientific evidence considered by the Commission was second-hand; that the members had not made (and could not at this date make) any clinical examination or direct laboratory tests. He also admitted that, although further "germ incidents" were alleged while the Commission was there, it was not given facilities to investigate any of them.

* * *

In fact, Needham based his whole case on the integrity of the Western-trained Chinese scientists who had made the tests and prepared the evidence for the Commission and on the interrogation of some four hundred people, including four American airmen. He himself knew many of the scientists personally. He could not accept the theory of a gigantic collusion or fabrication of evidence. In addition to this faith in the Chinese scientists he was impressed by circumstantial evidence of zoological and pathological specimens, and by the testimony of civilians who claimed to have seen American intruder planes and types of insects unnatural to the districts and to the season. As a result he maintains that germ-warfare is "97 per cent. probable." He suggested that the Far-Eastern Command might have been "experimenting" unknown to Acheson or the Pentagon, because the nature of the evidence suggested Japanese origins (consistent with the Japanese methods which he reported during the war from Chungking). Needham does not ask, or expect, his scientific colleagues here to be convinced by his word-of-mouth testimony but thinks they may be by the detailed 300,000-word report still to arrive in this country.

* * *

It was at the request of the union members of the *Express* staff that the Central London branch of the National Union of Journalists decided to make its own inquiry into the affair of the Maclean interview. The committee was set up last August. The *Journalist* now reports that the inquiry cannot take place because George Joyce, the reporter concerned, is not a member of the N.U.J. I wonder what the Union's National Executive will do about this?

* * *

Two interesting changes in newspaper format have occurred this week. The *Manchester Guardian* has at last abandoned its front page of Lancashire advertising and conformed to the modern fashion, which hits the eye with news on the front and puts a crossword on the back so that fans can solve it on the train journey to town without opening the paper in a crowded carriage. Naturally the old-established papers try to please the older readers by keeping their Victorian format as long as they can. But the time arrives when the *Manchester Guardian* changes; *The Times* follows suit six years later. On this occasion the *Guardian* can claim very reasonably that since its circulation is more than half outside Manchester, its front page must be interesting to a high proportion of its public. To which I add that its real competitor nowadays is the *Daily Telegraph*, which has not the authority of *The Times*, nor the intellectual interest of the *Manchester Guardian*, but which has more up-to-date news than either. The other change is in the *Tribune* which has ceased to look like one of the small group of London "journals of opinion," and has decided to attempt the popular appeal of the old *Clarion*. Its right niche is that of an internal Labour Party organ in which Socialist politics can be frankly hammered out. Michael Foot is not much like Robert Blatchford, but he is the nearest thing we have got. Still, if I were in his shoes, the type of success for which I would aim is that of Brailsford's *New Leader* in the Twenties.

* * *

Talking of crosswords and newspaper conversions, I recall that less than a generation ago, dismal prophets thought crosswords more menacing to social life than they now think television. Crosswords were said to be fatal to the art of conversation and destructive of family intercourse. In 1924 it was estimated in *The Times* that crosswords wasted more working hours than strikes did. In 1925 *The Times* reported the solemn warning of eye specialists against the new kind of crossword eyestrain. Not until 1930, after debating whether such frivolities could be reconciled with its dignified status, did *The Times* actually publish a crossword. To-day crosswords are a national institution. In 1952 the Archbishop of York can write in his *In an Age of Revolution*:

> The majority of men and women neither say their prayers, except in some terrifying emergency, nor read their Bibles, unless to look for help in a Crossword puzzle, nor enter a church from one end of the year to the other, except for baptisms, marriages, or funerals.

In common with many other journals, the pre-war *N.S. & N.* regularly published one of those encouragements to Biblical scholarship. The war forced us to close the series. It is only recently that we have again begun to publish crosswords. This week we have a literary puzzle to tone with our book number, and next week, a prize crossword competition will appear.

* * *

When leg trouble caused Toscanini to cancel his London visit last year most of us thought there was a small chance of seeing him again. Yet here he is, in his eighty-sixth year, with all his astounding faculties of concentration and communication unimpaired, conducting in two long evenings the entire major orchestral works of Brahms. What a sense of glory was diffused through the hall by the great finale of the First Symphony! It is common knowledge that rehearsals with the Philharmonia, one of the world's leading orchestras, have gone with exceptional smoothness. This is no consequence of age or fatigue: the maestro seems tireless. The morning after his first concert he was up at 6 o'clock—and it is unlikely that he was in a hurry to discover what the papers had to say about him! He then advanced the hour of his morning rehearsal, at its conclusion beamed at the applauding players, and cancelled the afternoon session. Had it proved possible to arrange suitable dates, he was quite prepared for a still more formidable undertaking—a complete Beethoven cycle. Next time, perhaps? That there should be rumours of his impending retirement is hardly surprising. But there is also a well-

authenticated story that, when the N.B.C. people recently offered to renew his contract for two years, he was indignant. Why not, he sternly demanded, for ten?

* * *

In a witty letter to *The Times* last week, Nigel Balchin raised the question of "variations of approach" in the paper's obituary columns. "The estimate of any artist," Mr. Balchin wrote, "is often carried out with an almost fierce objectivity, which is lacking in that of any other type of public man." In general, the standard of *The Times* obituaries has been declining steadily for more than a decade. During the war, when restricted newsprint made it impossible to continue publishing the old and admirable type of lengthy memoir, Printing House Square failed to devise a new obituary formula. The result has been a steady drift towards the bare, platitudinous recital of decorations and public services or the sketchy, niggling, and unperceptive briefer notices reserved for those eminent in the arts. The hits are few and the "misses" notorious. If the spiteful account of Hugh Walpole and the travesty of Joyce's work have been forgotten, the farcical treatment meted out to Gide two years ago still sticks in many memories. For the English reader, the obituarist implied, Gide might be equated with André Maurois. *The Times*, by its own definition, is more than a national newspaper. It is a national register and, ideally, each of its obituaries should provide the nucleus for any entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Twenty or thirty years ago, this was almost invariably the case, but the editors of the *D.N.B.* would be hard put to it to borrow from *The Times* to-day. No-one imagines that the Thunderer should return to the cut-and-thrust methods of 1830, when its leader column could refer to the deceased George IV as "an inveterate voluptuary" and his mistress as his "fashionable strumpet." But, at least, we might expect its obituaries to be more readable, less ungenerous, and better informed than they are at present.

CRITIC

INCIDENT IN THE REPUBLICAN CAMP

[Mr. Eisenhower and Senator Nixon broke into tears as they exchanged greetings at the airport. News item from Wheeling, West Va., September 25.]

America sees a historical meeting,
A delinquent Republican weeps with his chief;
Instead of a purely conventional greeting
Both candidates burst into tears of relief.

Contesting the great Presidential Election
Republicans suffered from Democrats' smears,
But they opened their records for public inspection,
And the big Party bosses are smilin' thru' tears.

The charge of corruption Republicans shook up,
They followed their leaders with anxious heart-throbs,
But the Senator talked on a nation-wide hookup
And tough politicians were shaken by sobs.

The meeting drew tears from old Party supporters
As cameras turned on the soul-stirring scene,
And the floods of emotion at campaign headquarters
Washed out every part of the Party machine.

The leader announces complete vindication,
America breaks down and has a good cry—
At least, the Republican half of the nation,
For the Democrat's eyes remain perfectly dry.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Chiefly it is a warning. Remarque foresees other concentration camps. This book is an account of how they happen. They might easily exist in England; for do you not see in the town-planning mentality—which shifts people from here to there for their own good, in the statistical mentality which is concerned with percentages of population and not individual souls—the future planners of our concentration camps?—*Daily Telegraph.* (C. E. White.)

Members were faced with the problem of what colour a lavatory wall should be. Mrs. Davies wanted the walls of the Shawfields recreation ground one to be grey-green. Then Mr. A. F. Steel declared that many people were superstitious and he said, quite seriously, they would not use the place if the walls were green.—*Aldershot News & Military Gazette.* (Donald White.)

One objector, a retired Army officer, said he put his house up for sale eight months ago, but could not sell it because of the flats. "The other day I took some people to see the house," he said. "We found boys playing hop-scotch outside and they had chalked squares on the pavement. It was a most shocking sight. The people turned away."—*Daily Express.* (*E. V. H. Williams.*)

Schumacher Lives On

HERE, in Dortmund, sprawling with its neon-spluttering new buildings, its tramcars, its ruins, its slums and its gigantic steel mills, something happened last week-end which may be of major importance to the future of Europe and Germany. The Congress of the Social-Democratic Party elected Erich Ollenhauer by 357 votes to 6 to succeed the late Kurt Schumacher in the leadership. No two men could be outwardly more different—one a sick man, crippled by Nazi concentration camps, haggard, bitter, fanatical; the other plump, jovial and an émigré, first in Czechoslovakia and then in England, throughout the Nazi regime. Everybody respected Schumacher, and yet when he died there were many supporters of the Adenauer policy who heaved a sigh of relief. With Schumacher gone, many thought, the German Social Democrats would become more amenable and would abandon their "negative" policy towards German integration in the West.

I spent three days at this Congress, and, from the start it was clear that there would be no real change of direction. It was not only that the tormented spirit of Kurt Schumacher dominated this Congress where the platform was decorated with a huge and tragic picture of him; but that practically everybody was in full agreement with the main lines of Schumacher's policy, with his objections to committing Germany at this stage to an alliance with the West; with his "no rearmament for the present"; and no acceptance of the "Little Europe" of the Schuman Plan. This policy, in Schumacher's view, was constantly reducing the chances of German unification (the German Socialists' permanent and prime consideration), and also meant the integration of a half-Germany in a small, predominantly clerical and American-dominated bloc increasingly divorced from Britain and Scandinavia, countries which, to the S.P.D., still remain the two strongholds of democratic Socialism.

There is great discontent in Germany; but there is also great pride bordering on arrogance; for an immense amount has been achieved by way of reconstruction, and if great sacrifices have been borne, and continue to be borne, it is, the Social-Democrats claim, not because of the Adenauer Government, but in spite of it—and thanks, above all, to the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the German working class. And, rightly or wrongly, the S.P.D. believe that, in the next election, less than a year from now, they may win a great victory, and that it was therefore all the more important to explain the position of the S.P.D. at this Dortmund Congress. But the Congress was non-committal on a number of points: above all, on whether, ultimately, the S.P.D. favoured "armed neutrality" or not; several speakers qualified as libellous the suggestion made in German government quarters that the S.P.D. was "neutralist." It was clear, however, that Communism was still the German Socialists' Enemy Number One; only they all declared themselves realistic enough not to want to burn all the bridges with Moscow, without whose consent (short of war, and war they rejected absolutely) Eastern Germany could not be liberated.

One of the first things Ollenhauer condemned in his remarkable two-hour programme speech was the futile exchange of notes with Moscow—which was a lot of cold-war manoeuvring, but did not bring the unification of Germany half-an-inch nearer. A four-power conference, without German participation, he said, was best qualified to achieve results. But, even though the Russians appeared to be willing to talk and bargain and negotiate, neither Washington nor Bonn was interested. And as for the French—there was, at the Congress, an unmistakably strong feeling against France as the country that had never really wanted Germany to be re-united and which was now, moreover, "blackmailing" Adenauer into virtually abandoning the Saar to her, under the deceptive label of "Europeanization." Not only that: the French Socialists, with their fetishism of "Europe"—which was, in reality, the little six-Power Europe of Schuman and Adenauer, were aiming at the very opposite of what the German Socialists wanted. The German Socialists, he—and even more so, some other speakers—suggested, must fight tooth-and-nail against the ratification by the Bundestag of the Contractual Agreements, and demand their revision after the next German election (the suggestion being, of course, that the Social-Democrats would then be in control). In short, by committing half-Germany to the Atlantic Pact and to the "Little Europe, so dear to the French and Italian reactionaries" (as Ollenhauer said) and welcomed less than half-heartedly even by the British Conservative Government, the Adenauer Government was indefinitely postponing the unification of Germany.

But how is Germany to be reunited? Here there is no answer except a demand that Four-Power talks be started with the Soviet Union. "There is obviously a risk of failure; but what other policy is devoid of risk?" Ollenhauer said. But, at the same time, the German Social-Democrats' anti-Communism goes very far—so far that they have declared themselves thoroughly opposed to any talks with the East German representatives. Carlo Schmid, who had approved of the East German delegation coming to Bonn last week, now had to "confess his error" to the Congress. The most that German Socialists will admit is that it would have played into the hands of Communist propaganda to have refused the East German delegation; but even this view is expressed only privately; the official line is that the East German leaders are merely "jailers" who represent nobody—and do not even have the authority of their Russian masters.

But what will the Russians ask for, in return

for their surrender of Eastern Germany, complete with free elections and the re-unification of the country? On this point very little was said—but it seems that the price the German Social Democrats would be glad to consider would be a limitation of German armaments and a commitment by Germany not to enter any alliances. But, cautiously, nobody said so from the rostrum in so many words. Only it is obvious that German unity is the S.P.D.'s chief concern, and, moreover, a good deal *was* said about the crippling effect on German economy and the standard of a new Wehrmacht—the cost of the "integration" being estimated at 10 milliard marks a year (about £1,000 m.)—to begin with. There is, however, one idea which gives the German Social Democrats bad dreams, and they will tell you about it privately. Officially the line is that the S.P.D. will never abandon Germany's claim to the lands beyond the Oder-Neisse Line. But what if the Russians were to propose this kind of deal to an S.P.D. or predominantly S.P.D. German Government—free elections and the Russian evacuation of the Soviet Zone in return for German acceptance of the Oder-Neisse Line as the Eastern frontier of the United Germany? What a *crise de conscience* for any German Government, or—what a Russian trick for sinking, once and for all, the hated Social-Democrats!

A perhaps unconsciously humorous interlude at the Congress was produced by the French "fraternal delegate," a certain M. Brutelle, who declared that (*a*) he could hardly say how much the French Socialists had always admired Schumacher; (*b*) he could hardly say how totally they disagreed with him; (*c*) how wrong the French newspapers were to suggest that, with the death of Schumacher, the S.P.D.'s policy would drastically change, which would, of course, have made it easier for the French and German Socialists to agree on a common line. But since, as the experience of the French Socialists had shown a party in Opposition was *never* the same as a Party in power, and since the S.P.D. were *sure* to win the Election, there was every prospect of their changing their minds then, after which there would be complete harmony between the French and German Socialist parties! Which, put in much cruder terms, is, in fact, a reflection of a wide-spread belief amongst French commentators that the German Socialists are not really as hostile to Adenauer's foreign policy as they pretend. But this is not true; though they are pro-Western, their opposition to Integration, especially on an "unequal footing," and to Little Europe, is very genuine. As a German delegate remarked after the Frenchman's speech, "*So ein Esel!* Didn't he know what Schumacher said: 'It was easy for Socialists before 1914 to be good internationalists, all seeing eye-to-eye; since then they've all become, more or less, Government parties! If we, in Opposition, are so different from the French Socialists, you can imagine how much more different we'll be when we're in the Government!'"

In the sky outside there was a lurid glow from the giant blast furnaces a mile or two away . . . "19 million tons of steel before long," somebody was saying at the next table. Germany is conscious of her growing strength—and not least the German Socialists; they have strong cards to play and they intend to play them. And they will not have Schuman and De Gasperi, who haven't got 19 million tons of steel, map out their future for them. "The *Bundesrepublik* can't make treaties for 50 years; it won't last 50 years; it's provisional, very provisional," they were saying in the hall. "A greater Germany, a greater Europe . . ."

Dortmund. ALEXANDER WERTH

Sheffield's Africa

(By a Correspondent)

SHEFFIELD opinion has awakened to the existence of a "colour" problem, the first the city has known. It has been created by the arrival in recent months of several hundred Colonial workers, few of whom are recent immigrants to this country. Some moved north from Birmingham and Coventry after the introduction there of short-time working, some left the depressed textile towns, and others came from the coloured communities in Liverpool and Cardiff. There are now nearly 500 of them in Sheffield. They have been accepted, but not welcomed, in the streets of Attercliffe and Darnall.

When a cotton spinning mill or a motor works begins to lay off workers, the coloured man is often at the head of the "redundancy" list. In Oldham, Bradford and Birmingham, Africans were told that there was plenty of work in Sheffield, where only married women find it difficult to get work, and there is a shortage of skilled labour in steelworks, foundries and engineering shops. And the Colonials who came to Sheffield have found work, even though it is often not the work they wanted. About 300 of them have been absorbed into the steel industry, and nearly all are labourers. The employers say that they are good workers, unafraid of "hard, heavy graft." The coloured men are, generally speaking, on good terms with the trade unions, and most pick up a basic £6 a week.

Many of the Africans left their homes half-educated, unable to read and write in English. Those who had attended mission schools were regarded as scholars in the village, and they hoped that in Britain they could train as engineers, radio mechanics and technicians. Some even hoped that they could equip themselves to help in the promised development of their own countries. It was not until they had accepted unskilled jobs in this country that they began to realise that the mission school training did not equip them to join apprentices and students in technical studies. What they needed most was an elementary education and a sound knowledge of English, and it often seemed that was the one educational opportunity denied to them. It was denied until Birmingham civic authorities opened the Clifton Institute and an ambitious attempt to help 2,000 workers of this type was made. The African labourer may not have responded with enthusiasm to lecture courses on "The British Way of Life," but he was certainly eager to learn a great deal more about the English way of speaking. The experiment succeeded, and Sheffield's coloured men hope that their City Council will some day follow the Birmingham lead.

If lack of education often keeps him in a dead-end job, lack of a decent place to live in is the weightiest worry of the black man's burden in Sheffield. And it is the black man, the worker from Nigeria, Gold Coast or Sierra Leone who suffers most from bad housing and overcrowded conditions. When he arrives in the city, the West African worker seeks a furnished room where he can cook for himself—he prefers the homely rice pot to English fare—or full board in "comfy digs." An advertisement will bring him 20 or 30 replies, but when the black man calls the room has always just been taken, the boarding house is always full. Sheffield landladies—many of whom are glad to accommodate the Indian or Pakistani university students—have, with few exceptions, cold-shouldered the African workers.

What of the exceptions? There is a street five minutes from the city centre which houses many, sometimes called "little Africa." There is one drab candle-lit lodging house, I was told, where the African will find a bed (but not breakfast) for £1 5s. weekly and, if there is no bed available, he can have a place on the floor for 15s. Each small room contains three men in beds, two on the floor. The residents do all their own cooking by stove and organise a floor-scrubbing duty rota. One occupant of such a room, the 26-year-old son of an Anglican Minister in Freetown, works in a steel forge by day and studies a correspondence course for an engineering degree by night. He pays £1 5s. to a householder for the privilege of using a room for a few hours study, four nights a week. "I have been seeking a room for a month," he says; "It is always the same. People reply to my advertisement—'Single man wants room, self cooking'—and when I see them there is the same excuse. Usually, but not always they are polite about it. Next time it will be different. My advertisement will say 'Single COLOURED man . . .'" In fairness to the generality of landladies it should be said that some have accommodated Africans for a time and then given it up. One of their complaints is of the African's proprietary attitude to his bed. They claim that some Africans, having paid rent for beds, believe they are entitled to introduce bed-less countrymen as their guests.

There are now about 90 Somalis in the city and until recently they faced the same accommodation problem as the West Africans. They solved it by buying up half a dozen large old houses and letting off rooms to their countrymen. Even there overcrowding exists because of the recent influx, but the rooms are mainly clean and comfortable; and the dapper slightly-built Somali men always say "We like to be with our own people." Although many have been frustrated by their lack of schooling—compulsory education came to the Somaliland only in 1945—they appear to be Sheffield's most contented coloured community.

The number of West Indians in the city is small. But perhaps because they are the most confidently "Western" of all the coloured men, the most dress-conscious and assertive in social life, the most highly skilled and adaptable of coloured workers—they seem to be the most sensitive to the slights they sometimes receive from Sheffield people. They have no language problem and they are most conscious of the subtle psychological aspects of the colour problem. West Indians often feel that their colour prevents their using their industrial skill to the best advantage. Some of them are masters of many trades and pupils of more. Ernest M., 26-year-old ex-RAF Jamaican, eventually found a home for his Jamaican wife in the city. He is a motor mechanic, but when he failed to find employment in his own trade he took a job as a machinist and started studying to become a dental technician. His wife works as a shorthand typist—but she is also a skilled dressmaker. "In my country we work side by side with Whites and there is no colour distinction at all—only class distinction," he says. "All we coloured men are British subjects. When Polish workers came to the mines everything was provided for them, but there is very little provided for the coloured boys."

What is Sheffield doing about it? A small start has been made in helping the increasing coloured population. The problem is new to the city and the planners have to bear in mind that coloured races do not always mix well. Apart from the questions of education, employment and accommodation there is the broader task of ending the social isolation of the coloured workers. Many of the Colonials are fond of dancing and, after the recent removal of the last remaining ban, all the

city dance halls are open to them. But they are not encouraged in some of the Attercliffe pubs.

From the beginning of this month, all the coloured races have been joining together for fun and games in the Wesleyan Hall in the centre of Attercliffe. There the Rev. George Artingstall, a most outspoken leader of Sheffield's 22,000 Methodists, presides over the "Overseas Club," which he opened for coloured men of all races and religions. He became concerned when a young African who had broken with the churches told him: "In our mission school we were taught that all men are equal, but here it is not so." He knows that a social club for coloured men is not enough and has called on the Sheffield Council of Churches and City Council to consider opening a full-time centre. When Mr. J. J. Hegan, Principal of the Clifton Institute in Birmingham, met representatives of the coloured races in Sheffield, he was told: "White men must be free to join our club. Otherwise when we go to other places they will tell us—'You have your club. Go there'."

Life Bricks

BEER and a bit of blotting paper have recently revealed the existence of a new substance, Compound Z, which Sir Ian Heilbron, the distinguished organic chemist, has described as "very important." To the pure scientist it is, because it is an amino-acid never before discovered in nature and amino-acids are the simple bricks from which the living processes are built up.

It is of general interest because the circumstances of its discovery are an example of the way modern organic chemists work; because it had been previously synthesised, an instance in which an artificial anticipated discovery of the natural; because it is, apparently an inhibitor of germination; and because it is another street-light on the broad avenue of advance towards the chemical determination of the nature of life.

The circumstances were these: The Brewing Industry Research Foundation, financed by the brewers with the praiseworthy purpose of pursuing pure research, and not merely proving that beer is good for you (and might be made better), has equipped one of the finest research laboratories in the country. Of course, the emphasis is on yeasts and enzymes, and on the proteins and sugars of barley and malt and hops; but, after all, beer is produced by living processes. For centuries, brewers have soaked barley to hasten germination and produce malt. The assumption was that the soaking just provided additional moisture for the grain; but when the chemists experimented with the residual water which the brewers threw away, they found that it prevented the germination not only of barley seeds but other seeds as well. So the steeping must have removed an inhibitor which delayed the germination and the malting. They began to break down the chemicals of the waste-water. At their disposal were the latest instruments, like the centrifuge, which spins at a thousand revolutions a second and separates protein molecules by gravity; like electrophoresis which separates them by exploiting the differing electrical charges on molecules; and the spectrograph... But what gave them their result was a simple piece of blotting paper.

This is chromotography, which in this case consisted merely of suspending a piece of blotting paper and dripping spots of the substance under investigation on a starting-line, sluicing the paper with a solvent and sending the molecules seeping down the paper. Molecules of different constituents travel at a different rate over different distances. They are invisible until the sheet is sprayed with a reagent when they disclose themselves as blots and the position and character of the blots is as good as finger-prints for identification purposes. In this case a blot appeared where it should not. It was cut out and investigated and the unknown substance was even weighed on balances which can measure a 28 millionth of an ounce. They discovered its chemical formula and recognised "Compound Z" as identical with pipecolinic acid, which had been synthesised by previous research-workers elsewhere but had never been identified in nature.

No one can yet say what practical significance Compound Z, *alias* pipecolinic acid, may assume but one is tempted to speculate. If this is the inhibiting factor which delays germination, it raises all kinds of possibilities. It might give the plant-botanists a man-determined means of timing germination by treating seeds and so adapting plants to new climatic conditions, extending still further the area of productive land in the world. Perhaps this amino-acid may play a part in human biology and, although it is early to suggest it, comfort Professor A. V. Hill about the human reproduction rate.

Only a few weeks ago, at the Desert Symposium organised by the Israeli Government in Jerusalem, we were discussing inhibitors which are responsible for curious phenomena in the deserts. A characteristic of the desert landscape is the curious spacing of shrubs and plants. This has been found to be due to an inhibitor exuded by established growths. This "stakes out a claim" to a catchment area around an existing plant, ensuring it such moisture as is available by preventing the germination of any competing plants. But when there is sufficient rain for all concerned the inhibitor in the soil is leached or diluted to such an extent that the suppressed seeds can come to life.

Similarly, there is the fantastic case of the *ephemera*, the short-lived plants which suddenly blossom after a fall of rain. No wonder desert travellers regard this uprush of violently coloured flowers as a desert miracle! It is difficult to understand how seeds can lie dormant for years—sometimes ten or fifteen—waiting for that rare shower of rain. The reason is the inhibitor. Desert seeds are coated with chemicals which prevent them from germinating. Only when there is sufficient rain or moisture to *guarantee that they will reach full maturity* (without another shower) does the coating dissolve so that the seeds can sprout. Anything less will not suffice; a skirmish of rain will not trick the plant into an abortive existence because it will not dissolve the inhibitor sufficiently and the seed will biosynthesise enough of the substance to restore the coating.

Professor F. J. Wendt, the botanist who described the process in Jerusalem, did not know the chemistry of the inhibitors. Presumably Sir Ian Heilbron's team has given him the explanation in Compound Z, which ought to encourage the botanists to find out a great deal more than they know now about the biochemistry of germination. And the British brewers will be making abundant compensation for the 500,000 barley acres, which they put into beer every year, if controlled germination can help to bring into cultivation millions more food-producing acres throughout the world.

But the Brewing Industry Research Foundation has other possibilities. It houses the National Collection of Yeast Cultures. This is quite a responsibility because the 361 separate yeasts have to be kept alive, regularly fed, and maintained at constant temperature which means alarm bells and a 24-hour watch. While brewers' yeasts are a complex of six or more types, the scientists are isolating single-cell yeasts and breeding pure cultures. This means "micro-manipulation." The operator puts a "mixed bag" of yeasts under the microscope, selects a single cell; spears it and withdraws it. The delicacy of the operation and of the instruments can be judged by the fact that the diameter of such a cell is a thousandth of a millimetre. But within these dimensions the yeast-cell contains all the elements of life and reproduction and can be "farmed."

We have seen what is possible with micro-organisms such as the fungi which have given us penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin, chloromycetin, terramycin and a whole range of antibiotics. Sir Ian Heilbron predicts that there are even greater possibilities in the yeasts and I doubt whether any microbiologist or biochemist would dispute that.

Anyway, it will be a consolation if the wealth of the brewers, intelligently applied to research, can retrieve for Britain the lead which it has lost in microbiology. Professor Ernest Chain, who shared the Nobel Prize for the discovery of penicillin, made himself unpopular in certain quarters by his insistence that we should not let the initiative pass to America, but should establish an Institute of Microbiology. In his frustration, he accepted the invitation of the Italians to establish such an Institute in Rome, where it now exists, with international sponsorship through the World Health Organisation. The nearest approach we have to it, is a microbiological department of the Chemical Warfare Establishment at Porton. And now there is this possibility of yeast research by the brewers.

RITCHIE CALDER

Wines of Bordeaux

II. THE CO-OPS LOOK FORWARD

ON the night of August 5 this year, when rain and thunder struck at travellers and holiday-makers over much of Western Europe, disaster fell from the sky on two small neighbouring vineyards near the village of Cissac on the left bank of the Gironde, at the northern end of Haut-Médoc. It was not rain or thunder that did the damage, but hail—the most dreaded and unpredictable of the natural scourges to which the vineyards of Bordeaux still fall victim. Sweeping in from the Atlantic without warning, the *coup de grêle* cut a narrow swathe across the vines of Château Cissac and Château Hanteillan: scarcely a grape was left. Four hundred yards on either side of the storm centre there was no sign of damage. Beyond the Cissac area the storm had spent its fury. There were a few other instances of isolated damage, but most of the vineyards of Médoc have come through all the hazards of weather and disease to share in what they believe will prove to be the most successful harvest since 1947, or even 1945. Farther up the river, on the left bank of the Garonne above Bordeaux, the luck was worse. About a dozen properties in the regions of Sauternes, Bommes, Preignac, and Fargues—including the famous Château d'Yquem—lost all or most of their harvest.

This wanton blow of nature is a good illustration of the perilous life of the viticulturist. It may be thought that he has little enough to grumble about; that, in common with other farmers of the mid-20th-century, his market is assured, his price guaranteed, his tax return a form of art rather than of accountancy. The last of these assumptions may be true: the first two certainly are not. The viticulturist depends for his livelihood on a crop which men do not need as they

need wheat and rice; which they will buy only if they have the fancy and spare cash; which is peculiarly susceptible to the depredations of weather and disease. Once in every few years the natural circumstances all fall right, and then there is a fair hope that the economics will take care of themselves. For the Bordeaux country 1945 and 1947 were such years. It looks as if 1952 may be another. But in between are "fair" and "average" vintages, when the marginal purchaser is not tempted to buy; and, occasionally, periods of sheer failure, as in the terrible years of 1930 and '32, when the châteaux of Bordeaux could scarcely fill a bottle on which they were prepared to put their name.

The first economic problem of the vineyards is thus to spread the profits and losses, so as to secure a reasonable standard of living whatever the year and to secure enough capital to be able to prepare the next year's vintage. But the average vineyard is a very small holding. Its turnover may be barely sufficient by itself for subsistence living in a bad year. The great châteaux of the *premiers grands crus*—Margaux, Lafite-Rothschild and Latour alone in the Médoc are allowed by law so to describe themselves—have, it may be surmised, resources equal to their world-wide reputation. So no doubt have many of the other better known châteaux, formally classified in lower grades, but little if anything below the best in actual quality—Mouton-Rothschild, Pichon-Longueville, Léoville-Barton are examples picked at random from the sixty or so *grands crus classés* of the Médoc. But the dozens of minor châteaux and the many more growers of *crus bourgeois* and *crus artisans* are accustomed to live with more than the average anxiety of the farmer and often with a closer approach to real hardship than they care to admit.

Against this background it is not surprising that in recent years there has been a rapid growth in the practice of co-operation in the vineyards. Equally naturally, this trend is controversial, disliked not only by the extreme individualists (of whom there are not a few in the French countryside), but also by some of the most reputable of the great Bordeaux shippers. In the words of one of them, "It is more difficult when dealing with a co-operative to control the quality of the wine and to pursue complaints. The co-ops, in fact, become too powerful for the shipper to deal with." No doubt there is in this complaint something of nostalgia for the good old days when the big shipper, freed by his immense warehouse space from dependence on a single harvest, could crack the whip over the small defenceless grower. But there is more to it than that. Firms like J. Calvet & Cie. and Louis Eschenauer & Co. of Bordeaux (there are others who challenge them for pride of place: but these two I saw for myself) value their good name and defend their standards no less vigilantly than the great châteaux; they would be fully entitled to look askance at any development which might imperil the priceless good name of Bordeaux wines.

But the spokesmen for the co-operatives, who fully endorse the need to maintain standards of quality, hold that the shippers' doubts are not justified by facts. Before the co-operative method was adopted, they say, the small grower was at the mercy of the shipper. He had no power to resist demands which sometimes conflicted with his judgment. He was squeezed over prices and, if he couldn't come to terms with the shipper, he could go bankrupt. Their own co-operative rules have, in fact, raised standards rather than lowered them. They remind you that co-operative wines have been awarded the Gold Seals of both the Conseil Interprofessionel du Vin de Bordeaux, and the Jurat de St. Emilion; that they can afford to engage *maîtres de chai* and cellarmen as skilled as those of the shippers. And, they conclude (with a wealth of dark suggestion, but no evidence), they have less temptation and opportunity than shippers for the mixing-in of inferior grades.

I conclude that there is truth on both sides. There are, it is said, shippers less scrupulous than the best. There are certainly good and bad co-operatives. I saw both in the Médoc. The tiny village co-operative at Cissac, for instance, and the much bigger one at Bégadan, are both in their respective ways models of care and skill. I saw some others where dirt and disorder were the most noticeable features. There is no doubt, however, that the co-operative system has come to stay, and a high and increasing proportion of the non-château bottled wine is now being co-operatively marketed.

The professors of Pioneer House would find the system of the French wine co-operatives far short, of the textbook pattern of co-operative farming. The individual grower applies to be admitted to his co-operative (which is itself affiliated to a regional and, through that, to a national federation of wine co-operatives) and, if successful, he must subscribe to a set of simple rules. These rules amount to little more than a check on the quality of his produce. He must grow only grapes of the approved types and qualities; he must not gather them earlier than the official date of the *vendange*—usually about September 15th—which the co-operative itself will fix; and so on. When he has gathered his crop, he is free to decide how much of it he will put into the co-operative pool, how much he will keep and bottle to be sold under his own

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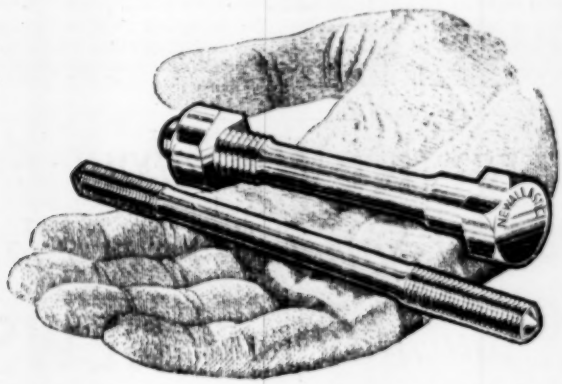

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château name. His share of the co-operative profit is based on the total quantity of wine he has furnished to the pool in a given year. From the time he hands over his grapes, the wine is disposed of as the co-operative thinks fit. Some will be sold in casks to the shippers to be made into wine bearing the shipper's name, as well as the *appellation controlée* of the region concerned (there are in all 27 *appellations controlées* defined by law in the Bordeaux region). Some will be sold direct to the consumer in cask. Some will be kept and bottled by the co-operative and will bear the *appellation controlée*, together with the name of the *commune* concerned.

The co-operative system thus covers only the marketing of the wine and not, apart from the co-operative purchase of fertilisers, the production of the grapes. But it has a further important feature. The link up of the wine co-operatives throughout France gives the organisation command of very considerable capital resources which its members can call on in time of need. M. Louis Vialard, the proprietor of Château Cissac, and one of the most prominent co-operators, estimates that the hail storm which destroyed his crop cost him, in all, over £3,000, enough to break many a smallholder if he stood alone. In fact he will be able to borrow from the co-operative, at a low rate of interest and with the minimum of formality, what he needs to finance the rehabilitation of his vineyard and the production of next year's grapes. There is, it is true, a State-backed agricultural bank which offers a somewhat similar service to all farmers. But the view was generally expressed to me that, on account of its size and the multiplicity of risk it has to cover, its facilities are not comparable with those that co-operators enjoy through their own organisation.

If the first of these two articles harped on the nostalgia which, inevitably, is found both in the vineyards and in Bordeaux, it must be admitted that the co-operatives are looking forward. There are ways, indeed, in which their praiseworthy ambition leads them to overlook some of the immediate problems and difficulties. They are right in thinking that the future of the small grower lies with them; that it is economic to establish as direct a channel as possible to the consumer. But they cannot afford to ignore that the purely commercial side of the trade is a highly technical business, in which the shipper has established himself because he has become expert at meeting a need: and they dare not rest content while a few of the co-operatives with shoddy standards damage the good name of the rest. There is plenty of opportunity for contact and business between these marketing organisations and the retail Societies in Britain; and I was interested to be told that, in spite of the anti-liquor prejudice of many of our Societies, a delegation of British co-operators has visited the Médoc this month to study its problems—and, I hope, acquire or confirm a taste for its wines.

The trade of Bordeaux and its vineyards is basically healthy enough, if a trifle run down at the moment. It will survive its passage into the modern world, a little shaken, slightly less pretentious than of old. It will survive because, even if few people can afford high prices for the finest years from the greatest vineyards, and even if some of the lesser châteaux have to give up the struggle to compete with the giants in expensive château-bottled vintages, the fact remains that the *vignoble* of Bordeaux—Médoc, Graves, Sauternes, St. Emilion and all the rest—produces wine of a quality which cannot be equalled; and there are still enough people who will not willingly forgo the civilised pleasure of drinking it.

Bordeaux, September. JOHN FREEMAN

Vocational Study

THE rain was slanting down softly as our train rattled across the lush, flat, featureless Plain of Meath. As the shadow of a bridge turned the window into a momentary mirror I became aware that I was being quietly watched—from behind a book by an earnest gangling youth of about eighteen with the dark hair and light eyes of the Western Gael.

He put down his book and smiled tentatively. "Do ye find it terrible warm to-day?" he asked with the air of someone seeking urgent confirmation. "It's very stuffy," I assured him, "I didn't realise it could be so muggy in Ireland."

"I thought it might be this," he said, indicating his black suit. I noticed then that his tie also was black. "Black's an awful colour for attractin' the heat, they say," he volunteered. I agreed. He seemed a likeable, if naive, youth.

"Next time I come home on holiday I'll likely be even warmer," he went on, seeing the friendliness in my eye. "Then I'll be wearin' my collar round the other way." He said this with a mixture of shyness and boyish pride that was rather touching.

"Oh, you're studying for the priesthood, then?" I asked. He so obviously desired to tell his story.

"Yes, I'm going to be a missionary in Africa." The accent was on the last word.

"It sounds exciting, although it's a big decision for a young man to make," I remarked, "but then I suppose you have a strong sense of vocation?" The boy looked puzzled. "I mean, being a priest is not like being an ordinary citizen," I explained, "it's a calling, isn't it? You've obviously always wanted to be one."

He frowned as if this was the first time he had ever thought of it that way. "I never wanted to be a *parish* priest," he said. "That way ye never have anny time off—ye've to be on duty all the time in case anny of yer parishioners need ye. If ye're a priest ye've got yer bishop to please, if ye're a curate ye've got yer priest. Now, in the Order I'm going into it's different. When ye're trained ye go out to Africa and there ye're given an area all to yerself. If ye want time off to explore a bit ye just ask yer superior." He smiled the smile of the man who has made the right choice.

"Things are changing very rapidly in Africa these days," I said. "I suppose during your training you spend a lot of time studying the racial and political set-up—the Gold Coast experiment and all that?"

My fellow-traveller shook his head. "No, we're kept busy with our religious studies and our ordinary education, ye see, but missionaries home on leave sometimes come and give us lectures about conditions over there." He ran a finger inside his collar. "Ah sure it's terrible hot over there, they say. An' ye're workin' the whole time among niggers an' blacks an' the like, trvin' to convert them. They're all heathens, every one o' them, ye know." His grey eyes grew solemn at the thought of this horde of black pagans waiting to be brought to a state of Grace.

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"It's no good convertin' them one by one," he went on, "ye have to get hold of the chiefs and then the whole lot turn as well." He rubbed his beardless chin reflectively: "They're all blind with superstition, these blacks, until we open their eyes for them."

Then he smiled as if remembering something. "Of course, as I said before, it isn't *all* work. Religious work, I mean. One missionary was after tellin' us he had shot half a dozen lions. Big ones an' all. Not just as sport, ye know, but as part of his duty." His eyes had regained their youth. "Ye see, in some lonely parts the lions sometimes get out of hand and start killin' the blacks. Then they send for a White Hunter"—his tone indicated capital letters—"and if the local priest is a good shot he joins in the hunt. It's good for his standin' with the natives."

The train had jerked to a halt. I looked out. It was Mullingar and the rain was heavy now.

The boy priest was oblivious to the rain-swept platform and the scurrying passengers. He wiped the corner of his mouth with his knuckles. "It takes some nerve to face up to a chargin' lion."

I agreed that it took more nerve than most of us commanded, but missionaries, I pointed out, were more likely to have that kind of courage. "After all," I reminded him, "Christians have faced lions in the past with some success."

"I know lads at the college who would faint if they saw one behind bars," he said scornfully. "They'll make fine parish priests, no doubt. Not me—I'd rather be sweatin' in the jungle than cyclin' up hills in the rain to drink tea with old widows an' the like."

Suddenly he rose, smoothed his crumpled black jacket, straightened the black tie. "Will ye excuse me," he said, and left the compartment in search of the toilet.

Almost guiltily I leaned over and picked up his book. "Memoirs of a Big Game Hunter," said the golden legend on the spine.

TOM BAISTOW

The Arts and Entertainment

VARIETIES OF EXPERIENCE

HERE it is again, at last, thank Heaven, that much too rare thing, a play that one can whole-heartedly enjoy and thoroughly recommend. *Second Threshold*, by Philip Barry at the Vaudeville, is just the kind of play I have had in mind when, in these columns from time to time, I have deplored the absence of plays as good in their way as the best contemporary novels. It is absorbing and moving, delicate and sure. Its people are alive and their predicament is real; and the author steers them through it with a respect both for the finer shades of probability in the situation and for the audience's quickness and sensitivity of response. Philip Barry, the American playwright, died before he finished the play and this will account for its minor imperfections; but Mr. Robert Sherwood has undertaken the task of putting the final drafts into order and the result is a play which you should not miss. It is excellently acted—indeed, it is acted to perfection in its two main roles, the American "high-up," Josiah Bolton (Mr. Clive Brook), and his daughter Miranda (Miss Margaret Johnston).

The dust-covers are over the furniture in the house of Josiah Bolton when the curtain rises. But from what one can see of the room one may learn, as one sits with the young doctor (William Sylvester) waiting for someone to come in, that its owner is a man of cultivation, and we soon learn that he is also—or rather has been—a man of affairs, a Somebody. If he no longer is, that is because he has deliberately abdicated, and for no very healthy reason, as the young doctor now explains to his clever, attractive daughter. Miranda doesn't want to accept the implications of menace behind the young man's phrases; for hers is a good-bye visit. She is off the very next night to Europe, to marry a friend and contemporary of her father's. She doesn't want to believe that anything is wrong enough to prevent her going, that the accidents which have lately happened to Josiah are anything but accidents. The young doctor is, for the moment, not persistent. He leaves her to face her father alone, and to estimate for herself the degree of the danger he has hinted at.

Josiah Bolton certainly does not seem, on the face of it, in need of a doctor. He is a man of energy and force and high control, powerful but not pompous; indeed he seems remarkably self-aware and displays an amused and contemptuous detachment from the world. The scene that follows between daughter and father is quite masterly in its compressed conveying of implications and attitudes and shadows from the past lying across the present. On the surface it merely demonstrates an impasse over the daughter's marriage. The father won't approve and refuses to be won over. But he doesn't go further: he simply washes his hands of this, as indeed of everything else. But a feeling of layers of deeper meaning seeps through to us between the spare lines, so that we are not surprised—without exactly knowing why—when directly Josiah leaves the room, Miranda goes over to the phone and rings up her brother. He must come at once: it is an emergency.

The brother is really not much help, but he does see what his sister means. There's something acutely and dangerously wrong with their father. Miranda diagnoses it roughly, but in the circumstances she humanly prescribes all the remedies but the right one. Everyone must rally round and make him feel wanted, but her organising of this only increases his amused contempt. For he too is playing a part. His daughter is going off to marry a kind of man he knows only too well, and he thinks he recognises his own responsibility. In the important years he got possession of his daughter to a point where she now has no way of escape. In his detached way he explains himself, almost as if he were someone else:

> When the cruel inevitable necessity came to break the bond, he stupidly wondered at the fact that, from the vacuum in which he left her, she went on to another perhaps less benevolent despot and quite as suave, ruthless and cynical as he—and two years older—than I am.

To hear Mr. Clive Brook deliver this little clue speech is to enjoy the heights of subtle acting. The first part is delivered by the so highly intelligent, self-aware, clever modern man knowing what he's done and what he's doing and determined to undo it—as he thinks—by exposing his kind of character to his daughter, and so frightening her off her marriage. But there is a change of voice as he comes to the last two short phrases that seep out from the inner man; they are a grinding of malice on despair, and they set the teeth on edge. The young doctor was right—what Josiah was really trying to do with his self-induced accidents was "cooking up a real tragedy for Miranda . . . very skilfully fixing it so that there can be no escape for her, by any means, ever."

The difficulty in dealing with a psychological tangle on the stage is that the knot cannot be simply cut. The unravelling is a lengthy process. Yet the drama form demands that the dramatist tries to persuade us that a turning-point is a dramatic "cure." We saw this difficulty crop up lately in *The Deep Blue Sea*. Philip Barry has not quite succeeded with it either, but he has a better climax than Mr. Rattigan managed to devise, immensely powerful, dramatically speaking, and humanly convincing. It is to the large audiences who have been enjoying *The Deep Blue*

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Sea that I strongly recommend *Second Threshold*. They will find the American play no less engrossing; it is less dour and harrowing, but it is no less intense and poignant. It is beautifully constructed, and from the nature of the people and the life described, richer and subtler: it has just the same ring of conviction and truth. Mr. Clive Brook's performance in it is, in its entirely different way, as remarkable and commanding as Miss Peggy Ashcroft's in the other play. Miss Margaret Johnston handicaps herself a little by one or too rather trying mannerisms (a sideways tilt of her head, and so on), but she is so completely in and of her part that we soon forget them. The rest of the cast take their smaller chances excellently, especially Miss Patricia Owens, an appalling, if appealing, teen-ager.

Two Loves I Have, the current Arts Theatre production, is not a psychological play at all in spite of its subject: it is a rather crude melodrama on a Lesbian theme. It is *The Green Bay Tree* of the other sex, a rugged young man trying to rescue a nice girl from the clutches of a wicked older woman. But it has neither the humour nor the truth of the other play, which ended most immorally, you remember, in the young man preferring luxury on any terms to poverty and righteousness. *Two Loves I Have* is crowded with implausibilities, but it does rise to some tense emotional scenes; and as long as Miss Sonia Dresdel is stalking the stage like a wounded tigress we are not worried about improbabilities. Miss Elizabeth Henson is very tender and touching as the young girl: and it was pleasant to see in plain clothes for a change two actors we have become accustomed to only in costume. Mr. Mark Dignam and Mr. Michael Gwynn both show up excellently. But the moral of the play is really this. Why do managers allow one of our few, if not indeed our only, full-blooded emotional actresses to languish for years in bad plays? Ladylike actresses abound in the West End, but who else but Miss Dresdel could be and ought to be playing our Paula Tanquerays, Heddas, Medeas; instead, she is condemned to a theatrical life of genteel vice in suburban settings. Of course she allows nothing she does to remain on that level. These is nothing genteel about Miss Dresdel. But what a waste!

What a waste, too, for Sir Godfrey Tearle to be lending his talents to bad melodrama. I can recommend parts of *The Hanging Judge* only to connoisseurs of the unintentionally funny. The scenes supposedly in a London club are richly comic by mistake. But then Sir Godfrey, who is a judge and is blackmailed by his bastard son who dies of the last of a series of shattering heart-attacks . . . but I needn't go on. It is as fantastic as anything you like to imagine.

T. C. WORSLEY

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DEGAS AND EPSTEIN

Two exhibitions of interest and value are being held at the Tate Gallery: one of paintings and sculpture by Degas, the other of sculpture and drawings by Epstein. This involves two separate journeys to Millbank. It is a mistake to pass without a break from one exhibition to the other, in either direction. The two artists speak such totally different languages that any attempt to combine them on a single visit only grates on the nerves. Epstein is honoured with a retrospective show of as many carvings and bronzes (since 1907) as could be traced or transported. The Degas show is not comprehensive. It is restricted to fifty-odd works that happened to be readily available. The result cannot help being scrappy: there are no early subject-pictures, few monumental portraits and, in proportion, too many late pastels. Admittedly, the latter are among the most moving creations of all times, conceived, some of them, when the artist was almost blind; but any overloading of the final phase of a great artist's work is bound to give a false general impression. On the other hand the landscapes, copies after Old Masters—in fact examples of all kinds and periods—have been selected with discrimination.

We have to remember when surveying Degas' youth and middle age that a way of representing ordinary life—walking across a street, bending down, riding, reclining on a sofa—still remained to be invented. At the time it was the only discovery worth making. We no longer believe there is any point in doing such a thing because we are too much taken up with our own emotional reactions to objects and in any case nothing, we say, is what it seems; you cannot reach truth by copying; a figure walking across a street is wrapped in obscure meaning; the simplest action is extraordinary. But Degas was willing to sacrifice everything, including the search for a serene domestic life, to find this ordinariness, confident that the truth lay there. First he had to get rid of all the accepted ideas of what things looked like. Then passionately he put down dispassionately whatever moved in front of him. We can imagine the fierce campaigns he must have conducted with himself over years before he learnt to make things look perfectly natural. Degas has been called heartless, but only by those who fail to realise that he surrendered his whole heart to the process of discovery, and had none left over for the object discovered.

His aim was to produce an illusion of casualness. A gentleman in a top hat striding across his field of vision, a dancer tying up her shoe before the next pirouette, a washerwoman yawning, had somehow to be caught unawares. They must not know the artist is watching in case they should self-consciously hold the pose. The absence of pose is the reality—but how is the artist to capture reality if movement is lost as soon as he puts pencil to paper? All established habits of seeing and recording are against him. Then the unnaturalistic Japanese print came to his aid. In this, as well as in photography—not in the professional, posed group but in the incompetent snapshot where perhaps someone, some blur, has strayed by mistake into the foreground or been cut in half by the edge of the print—he noted frozen movement and gesture, unfamiliar juxtapositions and angles, which he used as devices for casualness. They remain, none the less, devices. For of course Degas was doing no more than creating a new convention for picture-making which in its turn, in other hands, became academic; his "casual" groups on racecourse or stage are no less contrived than landscapes by Poussin and Corot, and every "fleeting" movement and mood no less permanent.

Degas was a new kind of artist—the Goncourts are examples from literature—who was prepared to take life as he found it with all its imperfections, to observe it with complete detachment and record his findings. He felt no urge to exalt one class or mode of life at the expense of another. For this reason we cannot describe him as a realist in the same sense as we would artists of an earlier generation like Courbet and Daumier who betrayed sympathy and antipathy for their subject-matter. "Naturalism" is a better word—still not a good one—for the devastating approach of the anthropologist to the contemporary scene.

I have left myself too little space for Epstein, whose exhibition is a crushing victory over nearly fifty years of British Philistinism. The sculptor emerges triumphant and unscathed from the fray. We can see now that the reason why he became the symbol of all that was termed shocking in modern art was precisely because he turned his back on the more extreme forms of modernism. Had he become a near-abstract sculptor as he showed signs of doing before 1914, the highbrows would never have dismissed him as tasteless, and the middlebrows might have left him in peace; but his trouble was an irrepressible, Jewish love of humanity which impelled him to treat unmentionable subjects in a novel but still clearly understandable language. No doubt also his exuberant vitality, and the placing of his monstrosities on public buildings where they threatened to play too active a part in everyday life, were offensive to public taste. Even today he refuses to take a comfortable place, which others, who have also sought their inspiration outside Europe, have taken, in the mainstream of the Western European tradition. Epstein remains a noble and heroic, but rather forbidding, outsider.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TELEVISION NOTES

The phrase "the art of television" has already acquired currency, but in fact television is not an art: it is a process by which an enormous number of quite different activities, some of them in themselves art, are trapped. The true artist working away in his real medium is an obvious victim. Which, I wondered, was harder—to turn a lamp base in wood with an electric lathe or throw a pot on a foot-operated wheel? One couldn't tell from watching Mr. George Clake turning and then a few nights later Hamada throwing; there didn't seem to be very much to either feat, so unerring were these two artists. Sam Wanamaker, in his *Solo Performance* was, by contrast, rather shaky until the second of his two extracts from Thomas Wolfe. Here, helped by a clever set, he mesmerised one macabrely away to Brooklyn. Another soloist, Mr. Emlyn Williams in a rather rushed programme, *The Humour of Dickens* (in which we were politely reminded of the titles of Dickens novels) blandly captivated the screen for a few moments, quoting on the main theme Mr. Noel Coward's, "There's a lot of Dickens in my work if you look for it." Of its frequent sociological excursions, *Newsreel's* Holiday Survey of Britain was honestly, indeed poignantly done. I recall especially the unhappy

check-shirted donkeyman who confessed bluntly to a terrible season.

What a difference in liveliness and interest between quasi-spontaneous programmes such as these and scripted television! To take an extreme case, how much more dramatic is *Press Conference* than most televised plays! Screened drama presents, of course, a very difficult and special problem. The moral to emerge from recent productions is that nothing, however carefully low its aim, succeeds so well as really taut construction. Scrappy and loose plays like the Quintero's *A Hundred Years Old* completely fall to pieces in the relaxed home atmosphere. The most memorable feature of this production was a fountain. And, as I sat through three equally tedious one-acters by that often compelling dramatist, Mr. Benn Levy, how, I wondered, could such unentertaining stuff ever reach the screen? Whereas *Without The Prince* by Mr. Philip King (produced by Alan Bromly) slight as it was did by a trick of plot raise curiosity: when the explanation turned out to be yet another case of lost memory one didn't somehow mind. The one real play was Mr. Norman MacOwan's unattractively titled, *The Infinite Shoeblack*. Poverty in snowbound Edinburgh and then the gay Cairo of the first world war are the setting of this melodrama in which a well-born provincial *dame aux camélias* who aims "to flame through life" flickers coughingly out at some length on her deathbed in the last act. Yvonne Mitchell with her skilfully modulated, softly wailing voice played the part with an exquisite, unembarrassing tenderness and she was most happily partnered by Robert Brown as the dour redeemer of a husband. The clean gentle line of the production (Michael Barry and Peter Cotes) seemed to come from an unfidgety use of the cameras, and more profoundly, from faith in the play.

Now that we viewers are so Elizabethan conscious, the B.B.C. has counter-attacked with a serial version of Laurence Housman's dramatic biography of Queen Victoria, *Happy and Glorious*. Michael Aldridge has devised an admirable Germanic stiffness and gutteral noise for Albert, while the Queen, herself, (Renée Asherson) displays everything but formidable majesty. Every so often a good character sketch does bob up, notably Erik Chitty's Lord John Russell and, in a hitherto unperformed episode, John Laurie's Lord Aberdeen; but, by 1853 one is beginning seriously to wonder whether this big venture was worth it.

ANTHONY CURTIS

THE MOVIES

Early Chaplin Films

"Mister Magoo," at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road

"Jumping Jacks," at the Plaza

"Monkey Business," at the Gaumont

I have spent the week grinding my teeth over excruciating fun, and happily looking for laughs in the news theatres. *Jumping Jacks* sees the reappearance of those zealous comedians, Martin and Lewis: nothing funny about the first, and everything—or nothing—about the second. Funny-peculiarity is Mr. Lewis's strong point. He looks like a lunatic, and his art, such as it is, is—with knowing little stage leers between—to behave like one. To this he brings a certain realism and adeptness. His appeal, I imagine, is to those who find the faces and antics in mental institutions wonderfully diverting, and who haven't hitherto been able to laugh at them as much as they would wish. Mr. Lewis brings them relief. He makes a claim, in the same instant—and here is his real cunning—on their protectiveness; so that anyone who feels that it's wrong to laugh, may purge himself, or more likely herself, with pity. Well, there he is, your idiot boy, the ugliest duckling ever. But comic he is not.

Monkey Business—haven't we heard that title before?—is less like a visit to the dentist, but torturing enough. The five minutes of fun here are provided by a chimpanzee seriously mixing drinks in a laboratory. In its enthusiasm it produces a life-giving elixir to which chemists have devoted their lives. Various people drink of this potion and become dreadfully young in their behaviour; there's a wonderfully protuberant secretary who comes in like a refrain; Mr. Cary Grant and Miss Ginger Rogers hop about, and Mr. Charles Coburn is on the fringe of hopping; but it's all conventionally screwed up for laughs, and got few, I'm afraid, from me.

I managed to find, in the various news theatres, half a dozen Charlies, including *The Cure*, *At the Bank*, *At Work*, and *Oh, What a Night*. These early films have been sound-tracked with noises and laboriously peppered with jokes, but thrive remarkably. The essential Chaplin, or quite a large part of him, was there from the start; the more he suffered, the more slippery he was, and the only look that seems to have disappeared since is that of the soused rat. In *Oh, What a Night* he joins with Fatty Arbuckle in a binge that has ecstatic moments; when, for example, staggering into a restaurant he wraps himself instantly into a tablecloth and sleeps on the floor, and when at the end, both dead to the world, they drift out on the lake in a boat that gradually sinks. *At the Bank* contains a pretty mop-dream of beating off crooks and winning the large lady typewriter, and one moment of rejected love foreshadowing *City Lights*. But *The Cure* is of the half-dozen much the richest. In it there are flirtations with both sexes, a delicate series of drunken pirouettings, a wonderful parody of wrestling, and moments—with a straw hat—of the parfit gentle knight. The bowler, by the way, seems to have been by no means invariable: besides the straw, I have noticed a uniform cap and a convict's toque, and remember elsewhere policemen's helmets and toppers. And when did the hop round the corner on one foot come in? It is nowhere in evidence in these early two-reelers.

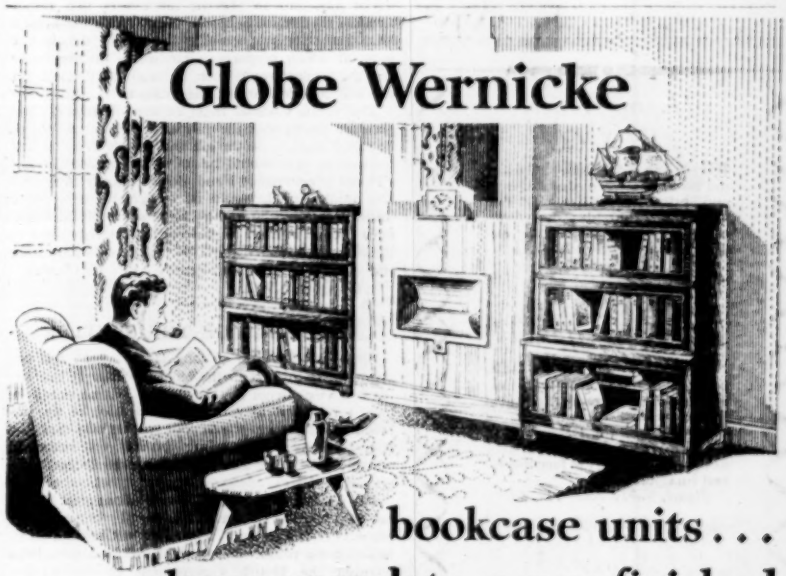
Mister Magoo is the short-sighted hero popularised by the creators of *Gerald McBoing Boing*. I don't think that in these new cartoons they quite come up to their original inspiration; but they make a clean break. No dripping tunes or pantomime scenery; more of the *New Yorker*, and less of the nodding Disney. Mister Magoo triumphs over a world of shadows, plays tennis with walruses, catches gramophone fish, fights a duel with a mirror, walks over the furniture; he wears white shorts and has a monkey-like nephew. *Fuddy Duddy Buddy* and *Grizzly Golfers* are the best of the five cartoons, which will reappear this month, one by one, at the Everyman.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Paintings by Jacob Bornfriend at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

Bornfriend, born in Slovakia in 1904, is essentially a quiet painter. Everything about his work (in which can be seen certain influences of Jankel Adler) is muted. His subjects, mostly still-lives or single figures, are unremarkable; his colour is decorative but comparatively low in key; his drawing is fluent and professional but never daring; his formalisations imply structure and space but in a way which only becomes vivid if one is already sympathetic. Yet his work is not dull. It is merely self-effacing. It takes time to appreciate the integrity behind the consistency of his method of working, or to notice his acute sensibility to texture and material. Personally, I found some paintings much more satisfying than others. A number of them seem to fail either because the formalisations are not sufficiently "hard"—and therefore confuse rather than simplify (look at the bottom half of *Man and Woman*); or because, at least for the spectator, the formalisations lack emotional justifications. Others (*Woman Sewing*, *The Beer Drinkers*, *By the Sea*) achieve a real unity of form and poetic mood, so that one is made aware of the passionate conviction behind the self-effacement—a combination which demands respect.

J. B.



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Correspondence

RENT RESTRICTION

SIR,—I was until recently employed as a rent collector by a property dealer who dealt almost exclusively in working-class dwellings let on weekly tenancies.

After five years' experience in the maintenance of these properties, I have come to the conclusion that an overall increase in rent would provide no solution to the problem discussed in your article on the Rent Acts.

To take a typical example, there are in London many thousands of small terraced villas, on two floors, usually with a single bay, which bring in a *net* income to the landlord of between thirty and forty pounds. Before the war for the outlay of about £7 10s. the landlord could cover all his maintenance repair costs, and lay aside sufficient to cover larger structural repairs; at that time it was possible (I have seen the bills) to have a room decorated for a pound. Properties of this type could be purchased for about £300, producing about 7 per cent.

To-day the same type of property costs about £125-£150, but requires an outlay of over £20 per annum to keep it at a very low standard of repair. It does, however, appear to be feasible that if the rent were to be increased by 50 per cent. the landlord would be able to cover his maintenance expenses, and the deterioration of the property would cease. This argument, however, completely ignores the main cause for the dilapidated state of property of this type, namely that *no* repairs have been carried out for twelve years, except those necessary to keep the sanitary inspector from the door. There are two reasons for this:

(1) It was impossible to carry out repairs during the war.

(2) Since the war the landlord has been trying to keep up his standard of living, but cannot do this, even if his property produces double his pre-war income, so he tries to cut down on repairs when building prices have risen as much as 300 per cent.

The main necessity is, therefore, that a large capital sum must be spent, before maintenance is considered, not only to bring the property to its pre-war state, but for alterations such as the provision of interior toilets and bathrooms. Will the landlord do this if he is given even a 100 per cent. rent increase? Of course he won't. Most of the increase would go into his own pocket, his property will increase in value, he will then sell it at a price approaching the pre-war cost, and he will probably invest the proceeds in Government securities, at a low but safe 4 per cent.; leaving the poor tenant in the hands of the property "spiv".

The only answer is for the local authority, with Government help financially, to acquire all dilapidated property at current market prices. Then we shall need experts to tell us how these properties can be altered to fit modern requirements and be made a little less ugly than they are at present; for it will be impossible to pull them down for years, unless the output of new houses is increased tenfold.

B. T. T. DICKINSON

29 Cantilowes Road, N.W.1.

SIR,—Instead of a rent increase which would go to the landlords, tenants should pay to the local authority a maintenance charge of, say, 5 per cent. to 7½ per cent. of the annual rateable value of the house and owner-occupiers could enter the scheme as a form of maintenance insurance. This would create a House Maintenance Fund to be administered by a committee composed of members of the local authority, representatives of property owners' and tenants' associations and chaired by some member of the National Trust.

Repair work would be carried out by the local authority either by contract or by direct labour and would be mainly structural: the tenant should pay a small charge for broken windows, tap washers and other minor items to avoid calling in tradesmen for trivial jobs and so prevent the abuses that nearly wrecked the Health Scheme. Since repair would be a local authority responsibility, it would decide the point at which property is not worth further repair and the owner would then be required to clear the site and rebuild—or sell the ground.

The nation's homes must be kept in repair. Experience shows that the property owners are not to be relied upon to do the job and, in any event, a rent increase as such would be universally resisted. But a House Maintenance Fund, democratically controlled and administered, would be recognised as a useful insurance and, who knows, but that the fund might have enough in hand to preserve for posterity some of the fine old houses that are both gems of architecture and vital parts of British history.

C. CAPLAN

Glasgow, S.W.2.

THE VOICE OF THE SETTLER

SIR,—You have for so long taken a keen and unsympathetic interest in the affairs of Kenya, that the latest developments in this Colony will no doubt be most unwelcome to you. In anticipation of the unfavourable comment which your readers may expect in your columns I am sending you my own reactions, which I believe are also the reactions of all intelligent people in Kenya.

For years we, the Settlers, proud of our great British heritage, proud of the achievements of the early pioneers of British stock, who brought Christian civilisation to the primitive savages of this land, have been warning the British Government of the terrible dangers which will face Kenya and the Empire if the woolly headed idealism of unpractical missionaries and a handful of ignorant politicians in Britain is allowed to dictate the policies that should be followed in Kenya. We, the Settlers of Kenya, are in daily contact with the Natives. They work and live on our farms. Some of them have served us for years. We know them and their problems better than any Government servant or missionary, far better than those Labour politicians at home whose chief desire seems to be to liquidate the British Empire. These Natives will work well and happily provided they are wisely and firmly guided by those who, like ourselves, understand them. But give them fantastic ideas about democracy and equality with peoples who have had thousands of years of civilisation and in no time at all they will be demanding the government of the country, and there will be no law and order and no White woman will be safe. We should remember, in case this seems a rather extreme view, that only fifty years ago these same Natives were naked savages or as some of my less tolerant friends would say, they have only just come down from the trees. But, seriously, they are not yet ready for a share in the Government. It will take hundreds of years to prepare them for democracy. In the meantime it is the business of Government to govern and so long as the Natives are allowed to organise political parties and produce political news-sheets, so long will the whole Native people be agitated, the police will have their hands full, crime will abound and labour will be so unsettled that our whole economy will suffer. Already there is a great wave of anti-European feeling all built up on an imagined grievance about the land. Had Government taken firm action against this agitation years ago and forbidden all reference to this supposed grievance, the new legislation now being introduced might not have been necessary.

Since the last Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, left, the Settlers' party, the Electors' Union, has very commendably redoubled its efforts to make the Government take exemplary action against Native agitation. We believe there is in existence a sinister anti-European movement known as Mau Mau, which has already been proscribed by Government. All efforts are now being made to prove the existence of this body. Now at last Government has been prevailed upon to introduce new legislation which will enable government to be carried on on just those lines so long advocated by the Settlers. And, Sir, this new legislation has the approval of the British Government, something we could never have hoped for under a starry-eyed Socialist Government. This new legislation gives the police and administrative officers such wide powers over the press, the holding of meetings, the movement of citizens and the existence of political and other societies that it can be used without any vexatious reference to the Courts to ensure that the European does indeed govern this land which he has developed and that the Native and the insidious Asian are only permitted to carry out their legitimate tasks. A leading European weekly, *Comment*, recently contained an excellent article in which it is stated that, "Nothing less than a British Dominion extending from the Cape to the sources of the Nile can now preserve East Africa for Western Civilisation. Asiatic Communism need never penetrate Africa provided the resident European DOMINATES, that is, has commanding influence over the inhabitants." That was written before the new legislation was published. Now it is certain that we shall have this domination and it is to be hoped that within a few weeks we shall see the disappearance of all those political parties and scurrilous Native and Asian newspapers which have been so loud in their criticism of the Settler community. Already there are signs of improvement, for there is a certain measure of support among the Hindus' representatives for this strong-arm policy. It is true that the legislation is described as temporary but there is little doubt that in fact it will be regularly renewed. We may also hope that the foolish plans for a new Constitution will now be dropped.

We now have confidence that we shall be able to forge ahead and build up a great and prosperous British community in Kenya, a community which will grow rapidly with the addition of hundreds of thousands of European immigrants and rival Southern Rhodesia or even South Africa in its loyalty to British ideals.

KENYA SETTLER

Nairobi, Kenya.

THE SCIENTISTS' DILEMMA

SIR,—The exact form of the scientific cataclysm which may or may not overhang contemporary society is irrelevant to the basic issue that contemporary society exists without any common set of values. This Professor Waddington refuses to say directly. It follows that at the moment no valid comparison can be made between the value of one line of action rather than another except on an individual basis. This implies the possession of an individual set of values,

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the consequences of which have been thought out, and consistently explored. However the design of specialisation lies in the possession of two different mutually inconsistent sets of values, one set of which is applied to one's special work (i.e., concept of Truth in Science which is a value still widely held in spite of the fact it is meaningless) the other set of which is applied to what is significantly called "everyday life" (i.e., life within a society, and not life within a discipline of thought). There are usually further inconsistencies within these two sets of values. Consequently value judgments made within one petitions division often conflict with those made in the other.

Professor Waddington's statement "I suspect most" scientists would be glad if they could persuade themselves that the dilemma with which the situation confronts them is "not an ethical but a technical one," underlines what I have said. The word "glad" is important. They would like to resolve the conflict by renouncing one set of values, but this, as scientists, they cannot do if they are honest, for it is their scientific values which seem most suspect.

Professor Waddington's suggestion that the scientist should ask himself whether he is justified in remaining a research scientist at all but, should instead consider whether he should be "some sort of executive, administrator, or planner" does not resolve the issue. This action by itself will in no way lead him on to the acceptance of a consistent set of values, the possession of which would enable him to adjust himself scientifically.

The problem of applying our knowledge for the future is not one for "Statesmen" or for "Scientists," or for any other specialists in parenthesis. It is a problem for men working within the framework of a society with a set of values.

Once this is accepted, there is none of Professor Waddington's nice problems for scientists to hand over to someone else. As a scientist he will be permanently embarrassed by having to make value judgments, instead of only temporarily.

As for your Critic's comment that "What the common man fears is that the scientist is merely sleepwalking to hell and taking us all with him," my reply, as a scientist, is to ask whether the common man has no choice but to follow?

If a sleepwalker is walking to hell whose responsibility is it to wake him? Surely not other sleepwalkers. This implies that people outside the scientific field must be prepared to devote the necessary time and energy to achieve an understanding of scientific thought. This few are prepared to do at the moment.

T. K. PAGE

Aldbury, Radlett, Herts.

SOVIET CHILDREN'S BOOKS

SIR,—In his letter on Soviet children's books, Mr. Peter Ibbotson says, "I can without fear of contradiction say that books for Russian children are the best produced in the world." And also, "No English books for children can compare with Russian books." As he has mentioned that I accompanied him to "The House of The Children's Books," I feel bound to take up his challenge. Surely, in order to praise Russia it is not necessary to belittle this country or any other.

First I should like to ask him whether he has seen a fair sample of children's books produced "in the world." I have. And I say now—what I said at a press conference in Moscow, in the presence of some three hundred teachers—that the best Russian books for children are beautiful to look at; they are as good as some of the best I have seen anywhere, *but quite definitely they are not better*.

I am not primarily a writer for children but I take great exception to his second statement. If Mr. Ibbotson knows anything at all about children's books in England to-day, he would know that many firms produce every year some books as good as the best we saw in Russia, and some—dare I say it?—even better.

I say nothing about the content of the Russian books; like Mr. Ibbotson I am not competent to judge. But a question we were asked more than once, "Are your children allowed to read David Copperfield?" followed by the remark, "Our children read it . . . unexpurgated," might give one to think, especially when we are told by Russian writers that some subjects are definitely forbidden in children's books.

I, too, saw children in the Pioneer Palace at Leningrad reading the children's *Pravda*. I was struck by the aimless way they flicked over the pages and quickly turned their tired attention to another number. I, too, looked at various numbers of the children's *Pravda*, but unlike Mr. Ibbotson I was not struck by its charms. On the contrary I thought the layout dreary and could not be surprised at the young readers' lassitude.

And finally, I cannot end without remarking upon Mr. Ibbotson's ignoble dig at Mrs. Blyton. As a parent, as a teacher and as a writer, I can find nothing to tilt at in this remarkable woman. She tells a story well-suited to her young readers; she is never vulgar and I have yet to meet a child frightened or disturbed by her work. And she is as moral as even our Russian friends could desire. She is, I should imagine, the last person to wish her readers not to advance to more mature reading. If a child does not so advance it is not Mrs. Blyton's fault. It is the fault of the home, or of the school; or it is due to slow development in the child himself. In the latter case it is surely better for him to read Enid Blyton than to read nothing!

HILDA LEWIS

Redcourt, Derby Road, Nottingham.

AMERICAN EMPIRE?

SIR,—In his article on Point Four, Peter de Mendelssohn makes a misstatement that ought to be corrected. He says that in many countries of the Near and Middle East the United States is regarded with suspicion as a colonial Power, but that this is wrong because "America possesses no colonies and never possessed any." He has apparently forgotten Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, the U.S. Virgin Islands, the Panama Canal Zone, Guam, Samoa, Wake and Midway. He has also overlooked the Philippines, which were taken from Spain in 1898 and only granted their independence in 1946. Many believe this independence to be purely nominal.

The idea that the United States is not a colonial Power has been carefully nurtured and is widely believed. Actually, the Americans made a late start at acquiring an overseas empire and, with the exceptions noted above, they have been going about it rather differently. In a world already pretty thoroughly parcelled out, they have had to abandon the traditional 19th-century methods and rely on economic penetration and indirect control.

To-day, most of the countries of Latin America are little better than colonies of the United States. They are profitable markets for American exports and important sources of raw materials; American firms have invested heavily in them, American influence is great, and their governments are kept in line in many different ways. These methods are now being rapidly extended to other parts of the world. Furthermore, the United States is now the acknowledged leader of a group of countries which includes all the great colonial Powers. Is it any wonder, then, that the United States "carries with it the odour of a colonial Power"?

BRANDON HOWELL

Wallasey, Cheshire.

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—I have just received a copy of Hewlett Johnson's "I Appeal." That the Dean believes the germ warfare story is (as he himself says) unimportant. What is important is that most of the Chinese Christian leaders believe it. There are, however, three points which puzzle me and to which a quite objective answer should be possible:

a. The insects were apparently all dropped in the snow. Can some scientist say whether this would be effective? Would they not all die at once? Or would they still be effective when dead?

b. Can all the diseases he mentions (typhus, typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, dysentery, bubonic plague, cholera and small pox) be caught from insects?

c. Can it be explained why the insects, on landing, did not fly away, but were captured to the extent of 100 per cent. so that nowhere did Hewlett Johnson or any of his informers report that there had been mysterious and extensive outbreaks of these diseases in the areas said to be infected?

JAMES PARKES

Church End, Barley, Herts.

A GIANT'S STRENGTH

SIR,—In a friendly review of a novel of mine, Mr. Painter writes of one of the characters "a murderer makes a deplorable representative of pacifist and neutralist man". Can you, I wonder, spare me space to say how much I agree with him? That, after all, was the point of the book. I am reminded of the famous review of *Brave New World* which ended: "If this is the sort of society Mr. Huxley wants, he can keep it."

ALEX COMFORT

SHAW'S CORNER

SIR,—Mr. Allan M. Laing has been misinformed. Mr. Bernard Shaw did not, at any time, offer to endow Shaw's Corner.

Had such an offer been made it would certainly have been accepted.

J. F. W. RATHBONE, *Secretary*

The National Trust, S.W.1.

ROMEO AND JULIET

SIR,—Your dramatic critic's notice of the Old Vic production of Romeo and Juliet has given us so much pleasure, and we feel sure he will forgive us for pointing out that the part of Capulet—a performance he particularly approved—was in fact played by John Phillips.

ALFRED FRANCIS.
Administrative Director.

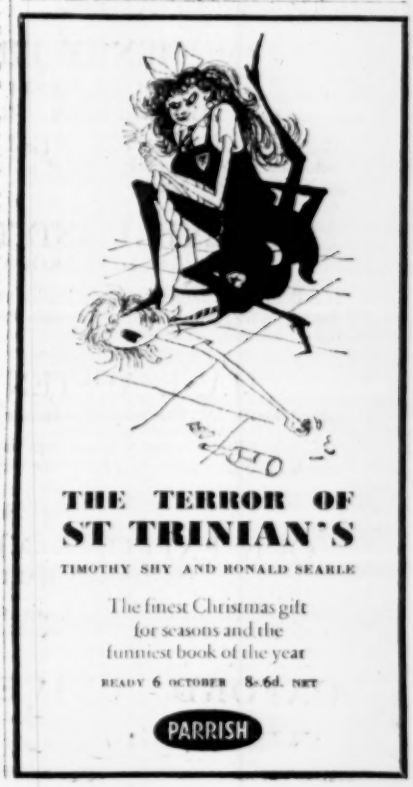
Old Vic Theatre, Waterloo Road, S.E.1.

ARTUR SCHNABEL

SIR,—I am gathering material for a biography of the late Artur Schnabel, whose work as pianist and teacher found such wide appreciation in this country. This is to appeal to his many friends and admirers for such facts and personal recollections or observations as may be helpful in presenting an adequate account of his character and career. Any letters or other documentary material placed at the writer's disposal will be carefully preserved and returned.

CESAR SAERCHINGER

31, Aberdare Gardens, London, N.W.6.



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The parallel with A. E. W. Mason is harsh and must not be taken too seriously, for Mason was an admirable writer of detective stories—the modern fairy tales—and of such period pieces as *Clementina* and *The Watchers* that excited us when we were young and still hold a nostalgic charm. The year 1719, the country Italy, a vagrant Irishman with a lame horse, an early autumn morning, and a beautiful young woman in need of a postilion—he could do all this as cleverly as Weyman and his dialogue was sharper and better timed. I don't suppose anyone's imagination was ever caught by the painted cardinal as a boy's was by the opening of *The Watchers*.

> It was a story of a youth that sat in the stocks of a Sunday morning and disappeared thereafter from the islands; of a girl named Helen; of a Negro who slept and slept, and of men watching a house with a great tangled garden that stood at the edge of the sea.

One is reminded of another writer who began in much the same way, but when he died in his early forties had reached the height of *Weir of Hermiston*. Mason lived till old age, and perhaps, if we had been young when it appeared, *Fire Over England* might have seemed to us as satisfying as *Clementina*. But readers grow up and it is sad when an author does not grow up with them. Literature has no room for Peter Pans.

In Mr. Green's workaday biography* we seek an answer to the problem: why did he not progress like Stevenson? We read of a young Mason, the son of a chartered accountant in Camberwell, and his education at Dulwich—a long way from General Faversham's old house in Surrey with the portraits of the military ancestors on the walls, and a long way, too, from the courteous monocled member of the Garrick (whose aristocratic bearing impressed a film reporter, Miss Lejeune), a leading social figure who shot in North Africa and yachted in the Mediterranean and discussed his novels with the King. (At George the Fifth's request, Mason temporarily abandoned a novel on Koenigsmark and, perhaps as a reward for his loyalty, was offered a knighthood. This eminently suitable honour, which had been accepted by his friends Anthony Hope and James Barrie, he turned down for the rather confused reason that he was a childless man.) Between the not very happy Camberwell boy and the first-nighter cartooned by Tom Titt lay Oxford and the stage and failure as an actor. Trinity wiped out the middle-class stain, but perhaps the stage gave Mason a fear of failure: failure in a sense would have been a return to Camberwell.

So from the moment that he began writing we feel his great talent bent on success—not just ugly commercial success, but the success of esteem, the esteem of those he considered his peers. Unfortunately, he had the modesty of a good fellow rather than the pride of the artist and he rated himself too low. Yeats decided to "dine at journey's end with Landor and with Donne": in the celestial club Mason would not have seated himself higher than the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* or Mr. St. John Ervine or Quiller-Couch. It is as if his journey into success, social and financial, had not allowed him time for thought, thought about the technique of his profession, thought even about its values. "Hardy had dropped out of his Pantheon, but the greater understanding took in Victor Hugo now and a full appreciation of Trollope's Barchester novels, with Hugh Walpole's series as a pendant." It will be seen that his biographer shares the uncertain "understanding" of his subject. Mr. Green refers to the "immortal" *Beau Geste*, to "that superannuated classic" (odd phrase) *Phra, the Egyptian*, to "a first-class writer, Mr. R. C. Sherriff," and to *Musk and Amber*, "the uttermost pinnacle of (Mason's) every power . . . . the perfection of restraint . . . . the sheer poetry." What words has Mr. Green left if he comes to deal with literature? Mason is interesting enough to deserve criticism, and this is the language of advertising.

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I have been re-reading his most popular book, *The Four Feathers*. It is a study of fear, the fear of cowardice. The illustration he has chosen, a General's son, heir to a long line of military ancestors, brought up for the Service, is an obvious and conventional one, but the story still holds us for a few lazy hours. Indeed, I think I liked it better than I did as a boy. Unlike the film adaptations most of the story takes place in England, off-stage, and I remember that when I was fifteen I wanted to skip all those pages of love and misunderstanding. The boy was bored by what the adult can't quite swallow. And yet the book has many merits: the military mind of the parent is critically regarded. There are—in so conventional a story—unexpected notes of harshness: the girl who presents her lover with the fourth white feather of cowardice hates his three comrades who started the cruel affair and rejoices when one is killed in the Sudan. These are the touches of reality which force us today to read on, and which make it, I think, a better book than its close kin, *The Light That Failed*. But the dialogue is hopelessly unreal: it is there to advance the story and not to express character. When the hero is delirious in the Omdurman prison, his feverish utterances are sufficiently lucid and chronological to explain to the man he has come to rescue all the events leading to his capture. It is as if the author had an urgent appointment to keep when the story was done, and he must take the easiest way to reach the end. His task finished (and his MS was like a clean copy) there was mountaineering in the Alps, during the autumn a 2,000-acre shoot, a trip to South Africa. One remembers Conrad writing: "It's late. I am tired after a day of uphill toil. Now it is always uphill with me. And the worst is one doesn't seem any nearer the top when the day is done." One doubts whether Mason would have understood. They had set themselves different summits.

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IN THE BETJEMAN COUNTRY

First and Last Loves. By JOHN BETJEMAN. *Murray.* 20*s.*

Old Towns Revisited. Edited by ARTHUR OSWALD. *Country Life.* 21*s.*

A few years ago when there was a fuss about the pay of broadcasting musicians, somebody invented the phrase "paying a lot of fiddlers twice for doing a job of work once," and I am always reminded of it when I pick up a fine new book by an author I respect, with a grand title on a pretty jacket, and discover that it contains nothing at all but reprinted bits and pieces—a lecture, a broadcast or two, a dozen old articles, with a little something new just to fool somebody (the author?) into the feeling that a book has been created. Nearly every writer commits himself in this way in these times, and having done it myself I cannot be censorious with any effect. But I still think there ought to be a law or a gentleman's agreement or something to make authors a little more candid in this matter, to signal the nature of the contents on the jacket and—more vital—to state under each fragment how and when it originated. A book of this kind is a museum; and a museum must have labels.

However that may be, Mr. John Betjeman is a writer worth collecting. At first sight one would think he would collect easily and well; but I am not at all sure that he does. There is a spikiness, a brittleness about his pieces, so that they do not lie quite easily together. The fact is that each of them ought to be bound up with enormously pretentious papers by other people—just so that they have companions to embarrass. That is part of Mr. Betjeman's function and his art. What an embarrassing, what an out-of-step, singular author he is! There is nobody like him, nobody with that particular intuition for knowing when a thing has been forgotten but is not yet decently out of date, for recognising the vanishing point of some word—"electrolier," "metro-land"—and bringing it back to use with a shock of pathos so striking that these resurrected words become Betjeman-words. He has created an attitude, a myth perhaps, almost a dialect.

Mr. Betjeman is an architectural writer. For years he has embarrassed the profession by liking the wrong architects, praising the wrong buildings and enjoying architecture very extensively for the wrong reasons, praising, liking and enjoying wherever he finds what it is his mission to seek—sheer neglect. When he writes about buildings he does not write about them as form (and, my goodness, how he despises art-historians because they do!), but as evocation. In this he is like Dickens, except that Dickens never bothered with the machinery of styles, whereas Betjeman bothers tremendously and loves to put in the names of all the architects, and the more hopelessly forgotten the names the more delighted he is with them. Who, for instance, were G. A. Underwood, R. W. Jearrad, Archibald Simpson, Edgar Wood and F. C. Deshon, all of whom, and many more, occur in this book? They were real people; and in the underworld of architectural scholarship they have been heard of—just. Their names will appear (mostly in footnotes) in the first systematic history of nineteenth-century English architecture which gets published. Meanwhile, they are Mr. Betjeman's friends of long standing, and he pronounces their names lovingly. He has transferred the snobbery of the collector of old china or Japanese prints to a sphere where collecting is mercifully impossible and where its snobbery becomes on the one hand extremely funny, and on the other (and let this not be overlooked) utterly absorbing to anybody with a feeling for architecture and the oddity of mankind. Mr. Betjeman is a serious student who can never keep an absolutely straight face; but he is a serious student.

The essays in the book range from dullish broadcasts (where the author's reading style and diction carry off what cold print does not) to really entertaining essays on queer buildings. The best is on London Railway Stations. "Baker Street, by Charles W. Clarke, was a quieter rebuilding for the Metropolitan Railway in the neo-Georgian style (1914). Its refreshment rooms are still untouched." "I do not know what to say of Cannon Street. Of all the stations of London it is my favourite, so echoing, so lofty and so sad." Genuine Betjeman; and there is a great deal of it in some of the other pieces. There is an instructive lecture on Victorian architecture and a sympathetic essay on our ugliest buildings—Nonconformist Chapels. This is accompanied by the witty, mocking scribbles and *collages* of John Piper, who also contributes what no Betjeman book would be complete without—a folding plate.

The pleasant, artless title of Mr. Oswald's book, *Old Towns Revisited*, is almost and perhaps unconsciously in the Betjeman manner, but here we are on very different and less private ground. Mr. Oswald and Mr. Christopher Hussey (who contributes two articles) are the architectural conductors of *Country Life*, whose weekly descriptions of English houses, always so careful, so modest and so loyally illustrated, have long been among the most valued things in English architectural writing. Since few of us have the space at our disposal to accommodate years and years of *Country Life* back numbers, the republication of their architectural contents can never be anything but extremely welcome. Here we have descriptions of Abingdon, Berwick, Bewdley, Blandford, Farnham, Richmond, Totnes, Wisbech—eight delectable, quiet towns which the photographer has contrived to record, it seems, on delectable quiet Sunday afternoons. This is the England in which Mr. Betjeman comes to tea. But before he comes, there is one thing I forgot to say about *his* book, which is that it is prefaced by one of the most savage Jeremiads on English life today that I have ever read. It is a little embarrassing.

JOHN SUMMERSON

A TATTERED IDYLL

Mary Wollstonecraft. By RALPH M. WARDLE. *Richards Press.* 30*s.*

Mr. Wardle's biography of Mary Wollstonecraft is an academic study originally published last year under the auspices of the University of Kansas. He has re-examined the letters of Mrs. Wollstonecraft that form part of the Godwin manuscripts in the possession of Lord Abinger. These manuscripts are proving, and will prove, a rich source of new material for the study of Godwin's own work; the essentials of Mary's letters were, however, reproduced by Kegan Paul in the classic nineteenth-century life of Godwin, and Mr. Wardle has been able to do little more than repair Kegan Paul's hasty and imperfect transcription. He has also had access to certain previously unpublished letters of Mrs. Wollstonecraft's youth.

There have been a number of lives of the Vindicator of the Rights of Woman, but none very satisfactory, and Mr. Wardle's, by virtue of its scholarly exactness and level-headed yet sympathetic treatment, may take precedence. It is, however, written in that academical American English with its profusion of Germanic compound nouns which makes the reading of so much American scholarship so peculiarly distasteful to an English eye; nor do the occasional digressions into general eighteenth-century history with which the author attempts to give his subject's life a background convince the reader that Mr. Wardle is more than a very naive historian. Dunning's famous motion, for example, would hardly seem to warrant the assertion that "the yeast of democracy was working in England"; and there are other general assertions equally in conflict with the social framework of the period.

Such historical naivety might be less serious in the biography of a more serious political philosopher, but the importance of Mary Wollstonecraft lies in the general moral and social significance of her career rather than in any intrinsic merits of her writings. *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* contained many bold and startling deductions, but its originality lies in its courageous completion of the ideas of earlier writers—Catherine Macaulay, "Sophia" or Condorcet—not in its few personal innovations. Within her personality the eighteenth-century forces of romantic sensibility and unalloyed good sense pulled with such equal force that her general political ideas are frequently split into almost comically exaggerated contradictions; but, at her best, she fuses these two important contemporary forces into a whole of remarkable power. Nevertheless, this marriage of Rousseauism and Reason is by no means unusual within her circle. Godwin's thought was marked at its worst by the same schizophrenia, at its best by the same powerful resolution.

Mrs. Wollstonecraft's importance to her contemporaries and to the succeeding generation lay in her liaison with Gilbert Imlay. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that this much-advertised passion, of which William Godwin, who later married her, appointed himself the Boswell, became a symbol of advance for the women of the Romantic movement, and set up a recurrent pattern of behaviour which coloured the lives of Left-wing Bohemia until well into the twentieth century, and has persisted as a butt of Right-wing ridicule, with its *Punch*-like time lag, into our own time. What Mary Wollstonecraft had "dared to do" became, in fact, a symbol. Without the force of her passion for this mediocre American, there might well have been no tradition of soul-mating or companionate marriage.

What had, perhaps, been a personal predilection of Mary's character—she had, after all, unsuccessfully tried to set up an ambiguously Platonic *ménage à trois* with Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli before she met Imlay—became a fever in the next generation. Claire Clairmont stands, of course, as the supreme example; but the special flavour lies, too, around the successive relations of Harriet and Mary Shelley with Hogg. It would be easy to account for these curious liaisons by reference to the general incestuous inclination of the Shelley and Byron circles, especially when it is remembered that Hogg finally settled down into marriage with Jane Williams, but the conscious ideal that initiated these unions stems from Mary Wollstonecraft's high-minded tragedy. The peculiar flavour, particularly of Mary Shelley's infidelities, lies in their conception of a Platonic Union in which physical relations were somehow a necessity. They presented on a plate to the wits of the London clubs the joke about the High-Minded Whore.

Mary Wollstonecraft's father had exchanged the successful mercantile life of his ancestors for the career of a gentleman farmer, but the structure of mid-eighteenth-century England allowed such ascents in the social hierarchy only to the outstandingly tough and shrewd; Edward Wollstonecraft was not one of these. In the succeeding years of failure, his mediocre character and intelligence showed at their worst in his tyrannical, ignorant treatment of his wife. The examples of her brother-in-law and of the father of her best friend, Fanny Blood, gave Mary no better picture of the married state. She determined to free herself from the accepted life of a middle-class woman of her time. Through the humiliations of employment as a lady companion and a governess, she achieved the prize of a private school of her own. It is in the ultimate failure of this school, in its early stages so prosperous and successful, that we may find the key to much of the shabbiness and squalor which have become traditionally associated with high-minded Bohemia. If Mary had the courage, the vigour and the intellect to fight her way out of the deadening inertia of middle-class domesticity, there were soon a mass of friends and relations, some truly rebellious but weaker in spirit, others just spongers, who relied on her to drag them up with her. The school collapsed in a mass of debts contracted for independent-minded sisters, cousins who eloped, adventurous younger brothers, friends who must be saved from their families.

To fight alone against society was difficult enough; to do so in such circumstances was impossible. Hers was the common fate of other adventurous spirits. To practice views of general

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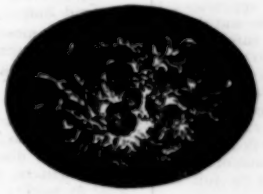

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love, of man's natural decency, above all, of man's natural freedom to express himself, in such circumstances, was to invite a life that fell below the professed ideal, to court the appearance of hypocrisy. Surrounded by the lame and the halt, they inevitably alternated between sinking deeper in financial bogs in the effort to rescue them, and incurring charges of bad faith by asserting the right to put their own house in order. Shelley, with his private means and promises of future fortune, inevitably seemed the raft, to these drowning idealists, by which to float not only themselves but their many dependents, whose support of the Cause depended on the fulfilment of the promise to keep them alive.

To this desperate fight for survival must be attributed the discreditable shifts and tricks which provided such ammunition for the anti-Jacobins. In its hopeless, one-sided battle with society arose inevitably the periodic capitulations to the enemy that dictated, for example, the shamefaced marriage ceremony of Godwin and Mary, a backsliding which ironically only succeeded in losing them the friendship of the benevolently conventional, like Mrs. Siddons, by exposing to the world that Mary had never been married to Gilbert Imlay. It was to obtain a respite in this exhausting battle that Godwin feared even to identify the body of the wretched Fanny Imlay who, forgotten by all in the heat of the turmoil, was driven to suicide. Finally, it may well be suggested that if Mary had not been forced by the press of creditors and borrowers to deny the needs of her private emotions, she would never have thrown herself so wildly into the arms of Gilbert Imlay, or clung to his waning love so desperately. If the defiance of George Eliot or of Olive Schreiner seem so much more dignified and gracious than Mary Wollstonecraft's tattered idyll, it should always be remembered that she sacrificed her dignity to allow women to choose their own careers and their own men without following the conventional path of Roxana.

ANGUS WILSON

DENT

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DENT

THE HORROR AND THE GOLD

Gods, Graves and Scholars. The Story of Archaeology. By C. W. CERAM. *Gollancz and Sidgwick & Jackson.* 21s.

This is a most accomplished work of popularisation. Not even a sugared pill, but palatable all the way through. Mr. Ceram is frank about his method: "I have deliberately chosen for portrayal those cultures whose exploration has been richly fraught with romantic adventure." Which is to say that he has concentrated upon the work of discoverers who are either naturally gifted writers, men whose pens have been at least as mighty as their spades, or who possess that mysterious quality of personality which may make them either loved or loathed, but always *known*.

In my opinion this selection is fully justifiable, for I believe all the subsequent history of any antiquity to be as significant as its origins. The ruins of ancient Egypt are richer in content for us because they were visited and written about by Greeks and Romans—so Troy gains in stature not only from Homer but also from Schliemann; Nineveh from Layard; Pompeii from Winckelmann and Goethe. That is why those scholars are so very wrong who belittle the distinction of the bold and imaginative adventurers who have gone to remote places, to deserts and jungles, and brought back news of forgotten civilisations—often after the orthodox have assured them that they would find nothing. It is also why modern archaeologists should not arrogantly assume that the "facts" they discover about the remains of the past are of absolutely higher value than the lovely and pregnant myths composed round them by earlier generations.

Holding these heretical views, I am in full sympathy with Mr. Ceram's use of personality and adventure. Nor do I think it improper to give the privilege of space to finds that glitter or horrify. The heaped gold of royal tombs, the heart torn from the living breast, the crack of slave whips—these things do delight or excite us, equally with the tension of long search ending in discovery, or of dangerous exploration and its rewards. I think, however, that it might have been possible to use all these things to stir interest and imagination and yet to have given a rather more coherent account both of the ancient civilisations and of archaeology.

Gods, Graves and Scholars deals successively with the Aegean and Crete, with Egypt, Mesopotamia and Central America, an order which does not represent the development in time either of the cultures or of their excavation. Thus the reader is not helped to grasp how Mesopotamia influenced Egypt, and Egypt Crete; nor again how Layard's blind tunnelling inside the mounds of Nimrud and Nineveh has grown into the meticulous stripping of level after level perfected by modern excavators. Even within each civilisation the dramatic emphasis weakens the total picture: the high-lights are sufficiently dazzling to throw the rest into partial obscurity.

One other criticism is possible. I think it unfortunate that the author has limited his book to the ancient civilisations. Since his first aim is "to describe the evolution of archaeology" he could have found a corner for the remarkable and far more difficult achievements of the men who have recovered the forgotten history of our savage and barbarian forbears. The methods by which a chip of burnt wood is made to reveal its age, by which tree-rings measure time or a dust of pollen allows the reconstruction of forests, would offer excellent material for Mr. Ceram's pen. Nor is there any lack of dramatic discoveries: from Altamira and Lascaux to the Sutton Hoo treasure there has been an abundance. Prehistory is not without its gold and its horrors. Besides, these barbarians took the gift of civilisation from the East and used it to build Rome, Paris, London and New York.

These are criticism, but *Gods, Graves and Scholars* succeeds so admirably in its main purpose of rousing the imagination to the excitement of archaeology and the value of the past, that it deserves the immense popularity it has already won in Germany and America. Mr. Ceram must have woken thousands of readers to an appreciation of four of the great creative phases in human history—all of them now a part of our available inheritance and a century ago virtually unknown. In reflecting upon them—on the mathematical genius of the Babylonians and Aztecs, on the magnificent architecture of the Egyptians, and of the brilliant gaiety and joy in art and life of the Minoans, it becomes clear enough that human capacity remains fairly constant. We progress only in the accumulation of knowledge and of techniques. In the abnormal conditions of the last century Europeans could think we had also progressed in kindness and freedom. Now we are shaken. The vast skull stacks of the Mexican Aztecs remind one irresistibly of the piled shoes of German concentration camps; again we know of forced labour used to build colossal monuments—though the gods for which they build have changed.

One difference in detail between then and now I cannot resist commenting upon. In the ancient world gold was used for sumptuous vessels and rich works of art, for flowers in ladies' hair and masks to cover the faces of the dead. Now it is mostly melted into dull lumps and locked in concrete. There will be so much the less glitter for some future Ceram.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

IN THE VULGAR TONGUE

The Aeneid of Virgil. Translated by C. DAY LEWIS. *Hogarth Press.* 21s.

In a sense each new poem is made by all the poetry which has been written before it. But where the poet is especially conscious of the poetry of the past, using it with the deliberation of his creative will, there arises a new sort of "allusive" poetry. Dante, who wrote it too, was quite right to call Virgil the Grand Master of it. But *The Aeneid* is very much more than an allusive poem. Commissioned—or at any rate bought as an investment long before it was completed—by the Emperor Augustus, it is on one level the epic narrative of the origin of the Roman State. Next, it is the greatest philosophic poem ever written—I take leave to use the word "philosophy" here in the old-fashioned and Roman sense of the science of how to live well. It is the poem which joined, in about 25 B.C., the pagan to the Christian world: for a thousand years Virgil was estimated as a prophet rather than a poet (you will find churches dedicated to him in Italy). It is "myth with its full emotional and moral value and the symbolism of truth," created by a single mind. It is all these things at once, even in the same line, in which the words with their allusions echoing backwards and forwards in time must be interpreted by a reading in palimpsest, or as an archæologist recovers from an ancient site layer upon layer of human art and bricks and bones and reclothes them with life. This is the deep sense of Tennyson's utterance:

> All the charm of all the muses
> Often flowering in a lonely word.

Of the living interpreters of Virgil Mr. W. F. Jackson Knight is the most creative. He is the godfather of this new translation of *The Aeneid*, "who went through it line by line, correcting, suggesting, encouraging." So it is not surprising that Mr. Day Lewis foresaw the impossibility of a complete translation. Believing that "a narrative level is the highest one can hope to sustain," and commissioned not by an emperor but by a corporation—this work was made to be broadcast—he has yet been led by luck or talisman or golden bough to bring into English an Aeneid closer than ever before to the poetry of Virgil. The brilliance of the narrative is as exciting to read as it was excellent to speak and hear when it was broadcast. Here is the horror of the fall of Troy and Priam's death:

> Even as he spoke, he dragged the old man, trembling,
> And sliding in the pool of his son's blood, right to the altar;

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JONATHAN CAPE

Twined Priam's hair in his left hand, raised with
his right the flashing
Sword, and sank it up to the hilt between his ribs.
Such was Priam's end, the close decreed by destiny—
That in his dying hour he should see Troy blazing,
falling—
His Troy which boasted once such a wealth of lands
and subjects,
The mistress of Asia once. A great trunk lies on
the shore,
A head torn from the shoulders, a body without a
name.

And here the introduction of Camilla :

Beside all these there came from the Volscian
nation Camilla
Leading a cavalry column, squadrons petalled with
bronze :
A warrior maid, her woman's hand unaccustomed
to womanly
Tasks—to the distaff, the basket of wool ; a girl,
but hardy
To face the horrors of battle and to catch up with
the winds.
She could have skimmed along the blades of an
unmown corn-crop
Without so much as bruising their tender ears as
she ran :
She could have flitted over the waves of a swelling
sea
Without so much as wetting the quicksilver soles
of her feet.

On the evidence of scores of passages as fine as those I have quoted, I consider this translation better than any of the nineteenth century, and comparable in excellence with Dryden's. It is the most accurate of any verse translation I know, in that where there are several possible interpretations of a phrase, Mr. Day Lewis has gone for one of them and made it plain. The six-stress line, familiar enough since modern poets have resumed the fashion of our Northern antiquity, though it cannot imitate Virgil's heavenly counterpoint of stress against metre, is marvellously adapted to echo his hexameters, and to permit a line-for-line translation. Certain famous lines emerge with a touch of their original grandeur : " Is it God that makes one burn to do brave things, Or does each of us make a god of his own fierce passion to do them ? " " Dead Pallas who now owes nothing to any of the gods in heaven." " Woman was ever a veering, weathercock creature."

So much for the profit. The Virgilian phrase suffers inevitable loss. *Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt ;* " Tears in the nature of things, hearts touched by human transience." This could hardly be bettered, but for Virgil's mile it goes a yard. Because the translation was commissioned as a narrative the author has, I think, deliberately thrown away the universal application of many well-known phrases : *Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens Gloria Teucrorum ;* " We Trojans with Ilium and all its Trojan glory Are things of the past." *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;* " I distrust the Greeks even when they are generous." *Sic itur ad astra ;* " You're going the right way To starry fame." Too often Virgil's weight of language disappears into lightness : *Non tali auxilio ;* " Our present Predicament is beyond such aid." *Et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum ;* " it's growing dark all around me." *Quisque suos patimur manes ;* " each of us finds in the next world his own level."

The speed essential for broadcasting brought in almost everywhere our colloquial abbreviations : " —I'm quite sure it's with the approval of heaven—We're actually close to the spot." I cannot like these, or be happy about such things as " their charms are quite out of the common," " enwrapped in a bandeau " (who else remembers Mlle Lenglen ?) " your young hopeful," " on the qui vive," " only I'm wild to rally," " promoter and compere," " alone and incognito." But I believe that these failures of taste will become as relatively unimportant and forgivable (I have found it so in twelve years of growing affection for Mr. Day Lewis's translation of *The Georgics*) as we find a streak of vulgarity in a wise and brilliant friend.

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TOP OF THE BILL

They Were Singing. By CHRISTOPHER PULLING. *Harrap.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

The Lyceum. By A. E. WILSON. *Dennis Yates.* 18*s.*

The Burlesque Tradition. By V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Mr. Pulling's enchanting book is a vast panorama of the music hall, the revue, the pierrot party, the musical play, the popular songs and those who sang them, and a great deal more besides. His immense knowledge, acquired during years of devoted research, has been conveniently regimented into chapters dealing with separate aspects of life : A Cavalcade of Knuts, The Gay River, Songs from the Heart, They Did Like to be Beside the Seaside, etc. The result is a major contribution to lighter theatrical literature and no praise is too extravagant for it.

How limp our modern songs appear in comparison with *Won't You Come and Splash Me ? : Whoa, Emma : I Never Go East of Temple Bar : It Must Have Been the Lobster : The Day We Went to Ramsgate, Oh ! :* and *Go It, Littl' un, Go It* (a topicality of the Russo-Japanese war). When sentiment was required, sentiment was provided : *Send for Mother, Birdie's Dying : I Want a Girl just like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad : Ring the Bell Softly, there's Crape on the Door,* and an American offering, sung in the character of a small girl, *Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven* (" 'cos my mamma's there "). Four lines from *In My 'Ansom* bring us a robust whiff of the Nineties (naughty my foot) :

E'd been dinin' tatur-tatur with a lady,
Tarble-dotey at the 'Olborn Restorong,
And was off to get a stall at a spicy music-'all,
For to watch the Tabby-low Veevong.

Music hall references to mothers-in-law and kippers are rare ; prominent subjects of merriment are seaside flirtations, skittish behaviour in houseboats, at regattas, and in canoes (odd that the blind bow-boy, in all ages, seems to have been a wet-bob), marital indiscretions, bathing-machines, the mislaying of clothes, coming home late, and policemen (also known as bluebottles, crushers, slops, rozzers, and, in rhyming slang, grasshoppers), who were not averse to nipping down the area steps for " muffins and boheah."

Beautiful being dress'd in blue,
Beautiful XY eighty-two,
Whistling on thy beat so free,
Missis is out—step in to tea.

Even foreign policemen were acceptable, the first performance of *The Gendarmes' Duet* at the Philharmonic Hall, Islington, being encored no fewer than seventeen times. It is, however, sad to learn that *If You Want to Know the Time, Ask a Policeman* may have had a sinister meaning, early flatties being alleged to welcome an occasional half-hunter as hush-money.

Inaccuracies are few (the " point number " was spoken of long before 1949 : gifted Leslie Hutchinson has been little concerned with satire and humour : Noel Coward's *Dance, Little Lady* cannot fairly be called sentimental) and fascinating details abound. " La Milo " of the sensational Palace Theatre *tableaux vivants* was *née* Pansy Montague. The Alhambra began life as a science museum, its organ being subsequently sold to St. Paul's. The incredible " Datas," the memory man, was actually Harry Bottles, an odd-job boy at the Anerly Gas Works. Marie Lloyd's husband, Alec Hurley, had a popular song, *I ain't agoin' to Tell*, which was adapted by the Salvation Army to *I ain't agoin' to Hell.* The success of *Yes, We Have No Bananas* may have been partly due to its similarity (musical similarity) to the Hallelujah Chorus. Mrs. Ormiston Chant (known as a Prude on the Prowl) persuaded the L.C.C. to erect a partition in the Empire Promenade between the bar and the auditorium ; this modest screen was pulled down in the course of a " rag," one of the roysterers responsible being, apparently, our Prime Minister. This is a nostalgic, warm, rich book ; it is also extremely funny.

The Lyceum is an admirable addition to our histories of the London theatres, splendidly put together by A. E. Wilson, an expert in such matters, and owing a great deal to information gathered by the late Arthur Beales. Much of the book is, naturally, devoted to the genius who needs no naming, but that golden age of acting was sandwiched between activities of lesser merit. The theatre, now awaiting its destruction in the interests of a Strand traffic project, is playing out time as a dance-hall, a humdrum use of the building compared with what went on there in the original Lyceum, or Exhibition Rooms. There were debates on " fashionable infidelities," Termites, and White Ants (whatever can the motions have been ?) : Montgolfier's gold-plated balloon was exhibited : there was an entertainment called " Philosophical Fireworks " and an Irish giant eight feet high : there was a rhinoceros and A Most Stupendous Ostrich : there was Signor Nano, the Gnome Fly, who crawled upon the ceiling : there was even an Egg Hornpipe, over Twelve Eggs, by Mr. Robinson, blindfolded. At some point in these bewildering junketings there took place the first performance in England of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Kean appeared as Richard III, having been blown out of Covent Garden Theatre by a gasometer explosion.

Things looked up in 1847 under the management of Charles Mathews and Mme Vestris, when Planché's extravaganzas were successful, and Charles Dillon, admired by Dickens, and a remarkable Macbeth, did much to establish a solid reputation for the house, a reputation enhanced by Charles Fechter's management in 1863. Irving's tenancy was preceded by a disastrous period under the astonishing E. T. Smith, son of an admiral, ex-Bow Street runner, picture-dealer, proprietor of a Brighton French bonnet shop called " Clementine," land-agent, future owner of the *Sunday Times*, and " an

Odhams New Autumn Books

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OBSERVER.

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Unnoticed, except by the discerning readers of the *N.S. & N.*, a strange convention has arisen: it is permissible to call an Afrikander a boer, to sneer at the instability of French governments, to speak harshly of the Germans, and even to admit that the Yugoslavs are Communists. But tell unpleasant truths about the Americans, and you may be kicked up the St. James's Street.

In October we are publishing THE WORLD THE DOLLAR BUILT (12s. 6d.) which blows sky-high the milk-and-honey myth. Don't think that this book is anti-American (or un-American in the McCarthy sense) for it merely examines the economic scene in the U.S., and quoting from Congressional committees, prominent politicians and leading newspapers and magazines, shows the danger of an economy which tends more and more to build an industrial boom on the manufacture of the machines of war.

Frankly, reading this book sets one's hair on end, but its lessons are salutary and its conclusions fair. If you are interested in world politics you ought to read this book, and with the news of the Presidential elections beginning to crackle through every loud-speaker in the world, you will need all the background material you can garner. Gunther Stein, the author, was former Far Eastern Correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The Manchester Guardian* and has written several authoritative books about China. The fact that he has turned his attention from East to West might in itself be food for thought for the thoughtful.

The Dilemma of Our Times

HAROLD J. LASKI. Originally intended as amendment of his 1944 essay, *Faith, Reason and Civilization*, this work is an analysis of the present political situation, specifically of the "cold war." It is the last word of one who for thirty years was listened to on precisely this topic of civilization's survival by an audience spread throughout the world. *Prepared for Press by R. T. Clark.* 18s. *net*

Utility and All That

D. H. ROBERTSON, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge.

The work falls into four sections, of which the first is concerned with Economic Fundamentals, the second with Interest, the third with International Economic Relations and the last with Money. 18s. *net*

Quaker Relief

ROGER C. WILSON. "... his book makes fascinating reading, recalling vividly the war years and a picture of combatant war work of a most meritorious nature."—*Manchester Evening News.* "A soberly magnificent tribute to people who try to deal with war sensibly."—*Time & Tide.* 15s. *net*

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

engaging blend of Barnum, Crummles, and Horatio Bottomley." A most attractive book, indispensable to those interested in stage history, and highly enjoyable for the general reader.

Mr. Clinton-Baddeley's *The Burlesque Tradition* is a history of burlesque in the English Theatre after 1660. It ranges from Davenant and Buckingham, Duffett, Gay and Fielding, to Gilbert, Shaw and Beerbohm. It is rather grimly erudite (the gaiety inherent in the subject has come out in the wash) but one is grateful for an occasional happy moment: in a Cambridge burlesque of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, the altar in the centre of the stage bore the legend "Commit No Nemesis." There is a great deal of fact, explanation, quotation and conjecture, and the author has taken pains—too many pains, perhaps, for the results are almost overwhelmingly dull. Of the dangers of this, Mr. Clinton-Baddeley was warned; having adapted for the stage *Behind The Beyond*, he suggested, in 1929, to Stephen Leacock, that he should also write, as a preface, a history of English burlesque. Mr. Leacock (who, Mr. Clinton-Baddeley most questionably states, "wrote carelessly and too much") was in no doubts about the plan: "*Don't* publish a history of burlesque as a preface," he wrote, "it's too good; if you do it well and AMUSINGLY (to hell with *accurately*) it would have a real sale." Such advice may not please the historian but I am on Mr. Leacock's side. One is reminded by this book of Queen Victoria's comment on a Highland picnic that had disappointed her: "No pudding, and no *fun*."

Let us finally return to Mr. Pulling, and Her Majesty, for a delightful story. Hearing a military band on the terrace at Windsor playing a tune which pleased her, Queen Victoria sent to inquire what the name of the music might be. Back came the answer: *Come Where the Booze is Cheaper*. We do not know, alas, how the message was received.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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*

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THE CAVERN AND THE CASTLE

Our Exploits at West Poley. By THOMAS HARDY. *Oxford*. 9s. 6*d*.
Jungle Child. By CAROLINE DAVIS. *Methuen*. 10s. 6*d*.
Barbie. By KITTY BARNE. *Dent*. 9s. 6*d*.
A Pad in the Straw. By CHRISTOPHER WOODFORDE. *Dent*. 10s. 6*d*.
The Crown of Violet. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Macmillan*. 9s. 6*d*.
Danger to Windward. By ARMSTRONG SPERRY. *Bodley Head*. 9s. 6*d*.
Clockwork Castle. By NORMAN DALE. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6*d*.

Our Exploits at West Poley, Hardy's one story intended for children, was written in 1883 (just before *The Mayor of Casterbridge*) as a serial for an American paper, the *Youth's Companion*. It was never used, but was passed on in time with other manuscripts to an obscure monthly called *The Household*, owned by the editor's son-in-law. There it appeared without acclaim, and for sixty years has lain forgotten in the files.

Such, briefly, is its history—also told, but more fully, in the elegant little limited edition published at 25s. Yet the tale itself has more than curiosity value. For all its pleasant ending, its deliberate absence of harshness and the strange and childlike charm of its details, it is genuine Hardy throughout; ironic Hardy as well as rural Hardy. One lad's remark: "I perceive that it is next to impossible, in this world, to do good to one set of folks without doing harm to another," is as characteristic as the passage of description:

> The light of the candles was sufficient, at first, to reveal only the nearer stalactites, remote nooks of the cavern being left in well-nigh their original, mystic shadows.

The theme is odd and original. Two boys, cave-exploring under the Mendip hills, divert a tiny stream into another channel. They find when they emerge that they have turned the course of the main river from their own village to another, bringing to the one disaster, to the other a miraculous gift. Like infant Fates, they play with this knowledge for a time, though not, at length without some moral anxiety, until the water takes its own revenge. There is no tragedy, however, though there are tense situations involving perilous escape and rescue. The characters—it is a major difference between the children's books of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—are precise and individual; the proud, courageous Steve; Leonard, the homely younger boy, quiet and thoughtful; the villagers, thinking each one of his lot; the mysterious philosopher (known as the Man Who Had Failed), concerned with any but his own. The rebirth of this little classic after a burial of so many years has in itself a curiously Hardyean flavour.

If the modern juvenile novel has lost many of the features of its Victorian ancestors—notably the moral and emotional aspects and the interest in character—other traits quite strikingly persist. The chief of these is the preoccupation with money and property—not earned but inherited (an interesting anachronism); though the use to which the legacy is finally put is usually as vague and ignoble as ever it was in Dickens. I have not excluded such motifs from the mixed group of stories in this list; but have at least kept to those which are well written, not quite commonplace in idea, and not vulgar in illustration. This final stricture applies to technique as much as subject; though how many an otherwise personable heroine in all-too-closely fitting shorts—Maureen, Lulwyn or Hyacinthia—have I pensively laid away within her jolly narrative.

Jungle Child (to start at random) is a perceptive story about a child brought up in India by her widower father, a British Forest officer.

> Mr. Legend had meant to leave the little girl in England with his relatives. But after a few days of Auntie Maud, he told her in his quiet way . . . "I'd rather see her under heathen influence than your sort of Christianity, Maud." And Ayah, tossing her head was sent to pack the little girl's clothes.

What wonder, then, that she is wilful, clever, versed in native ways, lonely and illiterate? In an English child, burdened with parents, siblings and a humdrum school routine, Elfrida's untrammelled course may provoke a wishful day-dream; an older reader is likely to be interested in the author's psychological acuteness, and in the Indian village and jungle life that form the background. *Barbie*, which attracts the eye by a well-designed cover, is for musical girls. The heroine, who is twelve, is a violinist; brought up in Vienna, she is left for a year with her cousins in an English country rectory. The Bach *Chaconne* that she plays to the Head Mistress gains her admission to one of those delightful private schools with which fiction abounds; thereafter—a born protégé of helpful adults—she moves towards the training she desires. Musically the book is serious; as a school and rectory tale, splendid.

A Pad in the Straw (whose author is Chaplain of New College and an antiquarian) has been strangely selected as the *Collins Magazine* Book of the Month—a prestige choice, perhaps. It consists of short stories, High Church, donnish, sinister, and very beautifully told, about boys or young men involved in evil visitations. Sometimes these are a punishment for sin or curiosity; more often, though, evil rises unprovoked. A signpost folds repulsive arms about a boy and pads away with him across the moor; a boy sketching a scene finds that he has drawn in blood-red paint a tree "made of a loathsome writhing serpent" from which a corpse is suspended. The old tale of the killing of Hugh of Lincoln by the Jews is revived. Yet there are pretty stories, such as *The Old Tithe Barn*, and the grace of style conflicts throughout with the murkiness of the author's imagination.

After the first two or three hearty pages, which I take to be a sop to the Philistine reader, I could not but admire *The Crown of Violet*, a rousing yet not insensitive tale set in Athens, about 400 B.C. "There's Xenophon," says our hero, Alexis. "He's a real sport. I don't think he's terribly intellectual though . . . And there's Plato. He's twenty. He's a wonderful all-round person . . . etc." There is also Socrates, whose part in the story is more important. For Alexis is something of a rebel, questioning, for instance, the inequality of girls and women and other rigid Athenian assumptions. He is also of a literary turn (though he can ride and race) and sends in a play to the great Drama Festival. I find I have omitted to mention at least three mysteries in the plot, and much other circumstance. Skilful Mr. Trease! He is to be congratulated.

Danger to Windward, a sort of marriage between *Kidnapped* and *Moby Dick*, is for adherents of the traditional sea story, and very well done at that. Hugh Dewar, recently orphaned, comes to Nantucket (in 1816) to claim his legacy. Here, after an eerie meeting with his step-relatives and the evil Squire Coffin in a ruined house on the moor, he is bundled on to a whaling vessel, where he samples all the brutalities of life under sail with a bad captain. The lost will, as it happens, is hidden—no one knows where—on this very ship. Mr. Sperry writes vividly and without condescension—with a touch of magnificence, even on sea matters.

Finally, *Clockwork Castle*, which cunningly combines the ancestral home and the search for lost treasure with the new scientific invention motif. "It comes to this," says the children's father, a schoolmaster (Senior Literature and Modern Languages). "We have inherited two things from my brother Frederick—a pile of ancient masonry and a pile of debts." The ancient pile is the castle of Dinas Moel, "a great ramshackle old place in the wilds of Montgomeryshire." But Uncle Frederick was an inventor, and has left them more than they imagine. Two points seem worthy of mention. One is that the final clue turns on a passage from Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. The other is the presence of an intrusive "good" American character, whose fellow I have found in quite a number of the autumn books.

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A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which are expected for publication between now and March, 1953. Books already published are not included, even if we have not yet reviewed them, nor are reprints. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

ARNOLD AUERBACH: Sculpture. *Elek.* 16*s.*
MARTIN S. BRIGGS: Goths and Vandals. *Constable.* 30*s.*
H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL: English Architecture since the Regency. *Constable.* 25*s.*
BARBARA HEPWORTH: Carvings and Drawings. *Lund Humphries.* 63*s.*
ADRIAN HILL: The Pleasures of Painting. *Pitman.* 25*s.*
F. W. HILLES (Ed.): Portraits: Papers on Reynolds, from Malahide. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
THOMAS HOWARTH: Charles Rennie Mackintosh and the Modern Movement. *Routledge.* 63*s.*
CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY: The Life of Sir Edwin Lutyens. *Country Life.* 42*s.*
WOLF MANKOWITZ: The Portland Vase. *Andre Deutsch.* 30*s.*
CARL NORDENFALK: Life and Work of Van Gogh. *Elek.* 25*s.*
JOHN POPE-HENNESSY: The Paintings of Fra Angelico. *Phaidon.* 73*s.* 6*d.*
THOMAS SHARP: Oxford Observed. *Country Life.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
REGINALD TURNOR: The Smaller English House. *Batsford.* 42*s.*
LAURENCE WHISTLER: The Imagination of Vanbrugh. *Newman Neame.* 63*s.*

Autobiography, Memoirs, Reporting

C. R. ATTLEE: Memoirs. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
PAUL BRICKHILL: Escape—or Die. *Evans.* 15*s.*
WITTER BYNNER: Journey with Genius—D. H. Lawrence in Mexico. *Peter Nevill.* 18*s.*
PIERRE CLOSTERMANN: Flames in the Sky. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
BRIG. EDMUND DAVIES: Illyrian Venture. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*
SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: America Day by Day. *Duckworth.* 21*s.*
ANDRÉ GIDE: Et Nunc Manet in Te, and Intimate Journal. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
VICTOR GOLLANCZ: My Dear Timothy. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
MICHEL GORDEY: Visa to Moscow. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*
JAMES HANLEY: Don Quixote Drowned. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*
DAVID JONES: The Anathemata. *Faber.* 25*s.*
SIR DAVID KELLY: The Ruling Few. *Hollis & Carter.* 25*s.*
ARTHUR KOESTLER: Arrow in the Blue. *Collins* and *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*
SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART: My Europe. *Putnam.* 16*s.*
DESMOND MACCARTHY: Memories. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS: The Finish—Vol. III. *Museum Press.* 30*s.*
RAY MURRAY (Ed.): Edward Lear's Indian Journal. *Jarrolds.* 30*s.*
JIM PHELAN: Underworld. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
GWEN RAVERAT: Period Piece—A Cambridge Childhood. *Faber.* 21*s.*
SAMUEL I. ROSENMAN: Working with Roosevelt. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*
MISIA SERT: Two or Three Muses. *Museum Press.* 18*s.*
WILLIAM L. SHIRER: Mid-Century Journey. *Hale.* 16*s.*
STEPHEN SPENDER: Learning Laughter: Voyage to Israel. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*
R. H. TAWNEY: The Attack and Other Papers. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*
SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR: The Lilac and the Rose. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
ELIZABETH GRAY VINING: Windows for the Crown Prince. (Japan). *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*
DENTON WELCH: Journals. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*
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ALAN DENT (Ed.); Correspondence of Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*
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Books in General

WRITERS who impose a personal legend are able to do so because it is the kind of legend the public is itself looking for. Stevenson, the tame Bohemian dandy, the hero of the sick bed, the man-boy, and vagrant, word-tippling moralist on his donkey, in his canoe or cutting across the Pacific in his yacht, displayed the admired ideal of the adventurous, "artistic" man. There was salvation in the zest of literariness and paint, and Stevenson's habit of making the public the confidant of the attitudes of "the writer" was itself emancipating for the conventional. Even the artificial style argued an imaginative energy, as it had done in Meredith. It was a long time before the ideal was dropped, but when it did go Stevenson seemed a thin play-acting writer, and dislike spread from his work to his life. As is usual, when this spell of denigration clouds a reputation, it was assumed that Stevenson's life was all of a piece, from his youth to his early death, and that he ended as a kind of successful commercial version of his earlier self. In biography the legend of the debonair hero has given place to reckless "revelations." Behind the quarrel with Henley came the wild notion that Stevenson's relations with Henley were homosexual: the steel-true, blade-straight Fanny was said to be a self-willed, small-town Puritan who censored his work, ruined it, and surrounded him with a sponging family while her brash quarrels cut him off from his intellectual equals; in Samoa, the poseur set up as an extravagant island king—these are some of the guesses and judgments which are the price he pays for the legend.

The answer to these and many other suggestions lies in a new, full and patient biography by an American writer, Mr. J. C. Furnas,* who has seen a great deal of new Stevenson material and who has written a Life that is remarkable for its richness and good sense. As a detective Mr. Furnas is exceedingly fine and wise and from a spirited study of Stevenson's life he has been able to find a great deal to support the opinion that many contemporary critics like Mr. Edwin Muir and Mr. Graham Greene have formed from his writing: that, in Samoa, Stevenson began at last to slough off the prolonged adolescence which was responsible for his superficial or undeveloped writing. He had grown and matured and by the time of writing *The Beach of Falesá* and *Weir of Hermiston*, he seemed on the point of becoming a major novelist. On this point Mr. Furnas has a good deal to say, but a couple of his sentences will sum up the whole argument. He is speaking of *Weir of Hermiston*:

> Having so often written about himself, he was now writing himself. That is what so sharply distinguishes *Hermiston* from the "autobiographical novel"—this is a matter not of self-explanation but of self-texture.

The question, of course, is whether *Hermiston* was not simply one more of the notorious Stevensonian fragments, which he had not the creative power, the physical strength, or—more fundamental—the profound seriousness of character, to sustain. The question cannot be answered. A heavy weight must be given to the deeply sympathetic words of Henry James when he asks whether Stevenson could have kept it up:

> the reason for which he didn't reads itself back into the text as a kind of beautiful rash divination in him that he mightn't have to.

But that tragic divination does not alter ours that, despite the forebodings of Gosse and Colvin, Stevenson went through a maturing change in the South Seas. The tenacious Scot, left in no peace by his indefatigable conscience and his gift for testing himself intellectually and physically, was indeed moody and let out a few howls about the loss of his talents and the crushing need for money when he was building Vailima; but Mr. Furnas declines—I think rightly—to believe that Stevenson was merely roaring with the financial pain that plagues the more and more successful writer:

> Much too much has been made of Louis' use of too heavy economic burdens in 1893-4. His outcries in letters home about "no rest but the grave for Sir Walter" appear to me like one form of rationalisation of the strains produced in him by the emotional and æsthetic shifts taking place deep within him.

His political distractions in Samoa were educative; and he became at last able to draw women who were no longer merely romantic enigmas but creatures of soul and natural appetite. The failure to do so before was due to adolescent double-facedness, which had grown out of the Calvinist's obsession with physical sex. He was at last able to unite the wilful sexual animal with the creditable person, but his attack on the kind of Christian teaching about sex that had blasphemously separated the two is a good deal mellower than the same kind of thing in D. H. Lawrence. The tragic figure, Mr. Furnas says, is Fanny Osbourne, that passionate, egotistical, sometimes childish barbarian: for by helping Stevenson to grow up and get well she had helped him to outgrow her. One thing marriage with Fanny Osbourne would teach was "the long ripening pagan respect for personality." She has been described as "untidy, aggressive, presumptuous, irreverent, broody and swarthy, thick and short," a *parvenue*, infallible in opinion, an overweening bluestocking with a tremendous talent for hate. Fanny's unconscious could be seen a mile away. A powerfully refreshing and disturbing change from the platonic beatitude of Stevenson's friendship with the high-minded Mrs. Sitwell.

The subject of Mrs. Sitwell leads Mr. Furnas into one of his happiest pieces of detection. He has hit upon one of the driest comedies of biographical folly in the Twenties—the story of Stevenson's supposed affair with "Claire," the blacksmith's daughter, who appears in Hellmann's and Steuart's biographies. She appears there as "Kate Drummond," a prostitute, and the episode was supposedly confirmed in a letter to Mrs. Sitwell saying "Of course I am not going on with Claire. I have been out of heart for that; and besides it is difficult to act before the reality." The truth turns out to be very different: Claire splits into two persons. First Claire is a romantic name for Mrs. Sitwell, whom he later addressed as Consuelo and Madonna; secondly, she is a mere character in a story called *Claire!* The quarrels in the Osbourne family after Stevenson's death, the gathering of the reckless whispers of reminiscence in Edinburgh, had gradually created "a swooning Highland prostitute" out of a fiction.

Mr. Furnas is a sensible biographer. His long, scholarly labours entitle him to sit and pick apart many of his predecessors in the field. He won't have a theory at any price. Stevenson did not die of tuberculosis but of cerebral hæmorrhage; he was a favoured, much-mothered only child, but there was no "mother-fixation." His relationship with Fanny does not, like his relation with Mrs. Sitwell, follow the classical mother-son pattern. Mr. Furnas won't have it that Fanny was merely after the Stevenson "family" and money; and he does not believe either that Stevenson was ordered by Fanny to California in order to make an honest woman of her; nor does he agree that in Samoa the writer was being bled by an amiable family circus. With the theory, so often implicit in biography, that the genius of a writer is wronged if he has not a docile, unobtrusive, perfectly complementary wife or mistress, and that the wretched woman is nearly always a bad choice, in the wrong and so on, Mr. Furnas will have nothing to do. Biography has not the liberty of fiction, nor are its values the same. Fanny was a woman who had to see herself undertaking a major task; she, like Stevenson, had a taste, indeed a gift for the desperate. Stevenson's view of her was generous and tolerantly detached. Both parties were, as G. K. Chesterton said, natural patchers; and terse, inimical sentiment—which one may take to be a worldly balancing of the careless budget of human passions—was strong in the Scot. In the central subject of his work—the intrigue of the conscience in the conflict of good and evil—he possesses an ironical familiarity with the violence and the comedy of the indoctrinated mind. It is the Scottish tradition.

Mr. Furnas is a biographer living and opinionating within his subject and not a literary critic; where he does make critical comments he is usually perceptive and discriminating. Against the bad decorated Stevenson, he skilfully puts the writer who learned cleaner prose. The only serious fault in this Life comes from what might be over-saturation: Mr. Furnas is a very mannered writer, very Stevensonian in an exotic American way. He repeats and repeats many unlucky epithets. Whenever Gosse, for example, comes on the scene he is always "twitching" or "twittery"; works of which Mr. Furnas disapproves are described again and again by the tiresome adjective "dilute." (We read of "dilute Freud.") Some strange sentences look like jokes from Browning. Of Stevenson's verse we hear, for example, that "the conglomerate assays too poor to imply any masterly bent." We read of Stevenson's taste for "the carnalities" and there is one unlucky lapse in which Fanny is said not to have objected in a story to "full-dress erotics." These euphemisms are like parodies of Stevenson and are annoying in a work which is fundamentally dignified, wonderfully vivid in its Edinburgh, French and Samoan scenes, and very wise in its handling of the precarious human material of a life which had been over-tended by legend-makers on the one hand and the reckless on the other.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *Voyage to Windward*. By J. C. FURNAS. *Faber*.

TO THE MOUNTAIN

THE mountain shepherd, wandering among the
pastures of the sky, believes
In a remote divinity, inhabitant of clouds he
sometimes moves
Aside, to show his god's dismantled beauty in
sublime repose ;
And his indifference, unearthly as the quiet of the
highest snows.

A god dwells in the peak, who grants both life and
its destruction.
To the last unknown corner of the world, in final
exploration,
Also, of themselves, his pilgrims dedicate their
will, and their desire.
And when, still many miles away, in the blue fire

And burning ice of sunset, the travellers first sight
The towers of their holy place, the grave of light,
With shouts of adoration for the legends of its
name, they greet
The vision ; embrace its image mirrored in the
waters at their feet.

*

Mountains are shrines of light. Their radiant
ice
Forges a net of gold that grips the rock with
bitter heat.
The stars beat white the metals of the tilted
snows
That poise their wildernesses high above the
night.

To climb such heights is to be blind
With seeing, to ascend the light
Itself, and to become the mind
That is the mountain's, bare and bright.

Yet to be oneself. For there,
Always racked on his six feet
Of rock, till rock at last is air
Rarer than life, there is no fate

But that within the climber's skill.
The nylon clew leads his desire.
Trusting the crampons of his will,
He must endure ; act, and aspire.

It is not danger he requires,
Nor is it death he craves.
Nor yet as an invader will he violence
That spectral presence,
The summit that appears to float
In air as unimaginable as its cold.
To him, who must profess philosophy
In deeds, and whose ideas are acts,
No mountain is an enemy
To be attacked, enslaved and broken.
Only the unconditional surrender
Of himself, the final victory, allows
The vanquishing of what can never fall
Or triumph, for its interest is not engaged.
Absence of self is what his art exacts.
He must be hard, and yet submit
To the inviolable, that will let itself be taken,
But only by its own unconquerable weapons.
Then, having performed the rites,
And having undergone the trials, self
Effacing as the rock he works ;
Disregarding personal adventure, perilous
Ambition and the vertigo of pride :
He may approach, at last,
The shrine,
Where, in his own right, he tastes,
And with a kind of ecstasy, the rarest
Snows, the infinitely lifted cup of light.

*

Who desires the highest snows
Must gently pull
Their full-blown rose,
Or petals fall
With a red thunder,
Withering not
Themselves, a wonder
Deflowered, yet
Unbroken. For the lost
Rose is another, that climbs
From ice, fragrance, frost,
As the moment that always seems
The last, the summit, always unfolds
A moment more,
Yields
A summit of pure
Light
That is white,
White (as a red rose
Is red) as the whitest snows.

JAMES KIRKUP

THE MAN FROM COLUMBUS, OHIO

The Thurber Album. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is something like fifteen years since, in *Leave Your Mind Alone!*, Mr Thurber told us how, fired by the examples of Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* and Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, he began to write his own autobiography. It was to be called *The Hiding Generation*, but, as Mr. Thurber movingly tells us, he found on setting out to write he could think of nothing important that had happened to him up to the time he was thirty-three and began raising Scotch terriers. Yet in a sense *The Thurber Album*, which beginning as " a kind of summer exercise in personal memory " ended in the amassing of " research material weighing as much as a young St. Bernard ", may be regarded as a prolegomenon to that unwritten autobiography. Its affinities in American writing are many ; they include *The Spoon River Anthology* and *Winesburg, Ohio*. Like Masters and Anderson, Mr. Thurber creates a specific community with a life of its own—in his case, the city of Columbus, Ohio—through a gallery of characters. But he does so, as it were, in depth, because apart from what memory has told him of his parents, the figures of his boyhood, college professors and newspapermen he worked with as a young reporter, he has been moved to research into and recreate the lives of his remoter forbears ; he has even rediscovered the will of his great-great-great-grandfather, the blacksmith of Hampshire County, Virginia, who died there in 1782, before there was a state of Ohio at all.

The result is a work of complex fascination brilliant, funny, pious at one and the same time It captures the feel of nineteenth-century middle-class American life in a way reminiscent in its effect of novelists like Miss Alcott and W. D. Howells ; and it relates Mr. Thurber himself firmly to the American past. As a portrait-gallery it is splendid : a fine procession of American types from his ancestor the Indian trader Judge Stacey Taylor, who studied law at night, " after going to bed, by the light of a candle whose stick was balanced on his chest " (" I tried this myself the other day ", Mr. Thurber comments, " and can only conclude that the judge had a longer neck than mine or a great deal more chest ") ; through his great-grandfather, a famous strong man and fighter of his time, who fought, his descendant has been told, mostly " to back up his political beliefs or to defend the divine inspiration of Scripture. ' There is too goddam much blasphemin' goes on ', he used to say " ; his grandfather the Columbus grocer and pioneer in the marketing of grapefruit, who wore a red rose in his mouth as other men smoked cigars and showed his distrust of intellectual parsons by announcing, " I go to church to hear the Word of God, not the word of Emerson " ; down to his mother and father. With these we are in the Thurber world proper. His father is authentically the man the Bed Fell On ;

> In 1908, trying to fix the snap lock on the door of his sons' rabbit pen, he succeeded only after getting inside the cage, where he was imprisoned for three hours with six Belgian hares and thirteen guinea pigs. He had to squat through this ordeal, a posture he elected to endure after attempting to rise and bashing his derby against the chicken wire across the top of the pen.

As for his mother, it can only be said that she stands to Mr. Thurber in a relation similar to that of Disraeli to Monypenny and Buckle. She is his inspiration and his heroine ; he writes of her in the chapter " Lavender with a Difference " with an uninhibited warmth and admiration ; and rightly so, for reading his celebration of his mother we realise, as he does himself, that Mr. Thurber has here got to the heart of the matter. Mrs. Thurber was a humorist—a practical humorist—of genius, and she was irrepressible ; with the result, as her son notes, that her exploits " marked the occupation of my mind by a sense of confusion that has never left it ". Mr. Thurber has written nothing funnier nor richer than this chapter. But his mind has been occupied by something else besides the sense of confusion : by the sense of Columbus, Ohio. He stands revealed now as a New Yorker to almost precisely the same degree as Bennett was a Londoner or Joyce a Parisian.

WALTER ALLEN

DOCUMENTING UTOPIA

Stevenage : a Sociological Study of a New Town. By HAROLD ORLANS. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

Utopianism has by now its legendary successes as well as its failures. Of all those with a formula for saving mankind from itself, there have been some who caught on, persuaded others, made the idea work and to that extent were proved " right." Since Comte, the formula for salvation has often, indeed more often than not, been associated with a claim to be scientific. Marx and Mary Baker Eddy, Freud and Rudolf Steiner, Mannheim and Moreno, all make this claim. In every case, rightly or wrongly, the claim has been challenged.

The theory and practice of town and country planning has grown up under the shadow of a question mark : where does science end and *mystique* begin ? There is undoubtedly a lot of hot air talked in the business. Is it all hot air ? Dr. Orlans quotes a verse recited about Ebenezer Howard at a Welwyn pageant in 1923 :

> First to the heavens he casts his eyes ;
> Then on his boots they're found ;
> For though his thoughts are in the skies,
> His feet are on the ground.

The verse is apt : the combination of qualities is rare. Visionaries are fairly common, and so are honest, pedestrian reformers. A man or woman who is both at once (like Howard or Florence Nightingale) may, at the right moment, introduce a successful social innovation.

The New Towns Act (1946) put the seal of official approval on Howard's idea, and it had the support of all political parties. It was intended that the London New Towns should be built in ten years, in time to help prevent a further growth of London itself which everyone agreed was nationally dangerous. To avert it, special Development Corporations were set up with special powers, specially skilled staffs were appointed and installed in country mansions near the New Town sites. From a sense of urgency that outran diplomacy, local and sectional interests were flouted and made to feel aggrieved. All this was attended by a great deal of publicity, for and against.

No sooner were the Development Corporations legally empowered to carry out their task than the Government, because of the economic crisis, restricted the labour force at the disposal of each of them to 75 men as against the peak force of 5,000 that should have been reached by the third year. Thus, unable to gain momentum, the new-born agencies were assailed by all the longer-established interests, public and private, on which they were bound to impinge. The local Council, the County Council, Ministries more powerful than their own sponsoring Ministry and even that Ministry itself, all combined if not to prevent, at least to delay, their activities. This meant a period of suspense and frustration which I and others employed by Corporations found more sad than funny. But in retrospect

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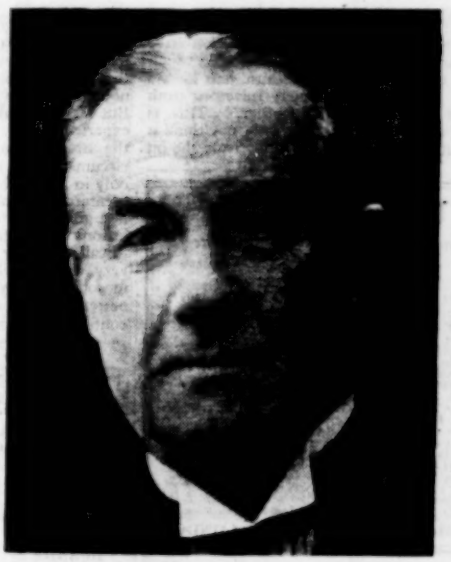

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it makes a good story, as told in lively detail by Dr. Orlans.

Of the New Towns in the London Region, Stevenage, though the first to be designated, lags behind at least three others. According to a recent report in the *Architects' Journal*, building at Stevenage is now "getting into a swing" and may by next year place this New Town in the lead. If this hope is realised, it will be a happy sequel to a disappointing start. The book under review deals almost entirely with the frustrating first four years of the project.

It belongs, in fact, to the new *genus* of contemporary social history. Its author, a young American anthropologist, had at first "intended to conduct a functional anthropological study of a small English community, concentrating upon aspects of social stratification." At Stevenage, however, he found his real vocation, that of the historian. The sub-title of his book—"a sociological study of a New Town"—is to that extent misleading. In his disillusion with the excessive claims and internal divergencies of other sociologists, he came to conceive of sociology as a branch of history, and nothing more, and he is impatient with those who seek to use the inductive method in the social sciences.

No doubt the social uses of induction have peculiar limitations. "Society is a puzzle which cannot be completely solved because it is always changing . . . Students of society leave one truth as fast as they approach another." This is truly said, and well said. But I do not think it lets one out of trying to solve inductively the bit of the puzzle with which one is immediately confronted. About one-sixth of Dr. Orlans's book—the section called "Sociological Components"—is a sustained polemic against the futility of investigating such topics as the balanced community or the merits of flats *versus* houses. It is amusingly and wittily done. It will not, however, be of much help or comfort to those who have the responsibility of deciding or advising on these questions—a responsibility which neither the author nor anyone else really wants to see left to the spec. builder and *laissez-faire* economics.

Dr. Orlans is on the rebound from sociology, but not finally married to Clio. While he is in this frame of mind one should not perhaps take his wisecracks too seriously. He is, moreover, inconsistent, and this I take to be a sign of intelligence. He asks, if he does not answer, questions which are truly sociological: questions which therefore are propounded in a somewhat scholastic spirit. He is capable of writing, for example, that "the most fundamental problem posed by the Stevenage experience" is "the extent to which efficient executive action is compatible with the democratic process." Now this particular puzzle really is insoluble, or rather meaningless, since both "the democratic process" and "efficient executive action" are terms which cover so wide a range of referents that the question of their compatibility could not possibly be answered by "Yes" or "No." But lessons could be drawn from the Stevenage experience that would be applicable, at least in the near future and with due regard to local circumstances, to other planning ventures not only in Britain but in other countries with Parliamentary and local government. If Dr. Orlans had gone one step farther and pointed out these lessons clearly, he would have been better entitled to call his study "sociological." Social history is very worth while, and this is a first-class essay in social history, but I would personally like it better if it had done more to clarify, and less to confuse, some major issues of social policy.

CHARLES MADGE

PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney B. Hooper

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NEW NOVELS

Spark of Life. By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Commander Comes to Dine. By MARIO SOLDATI. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

And Ruffians Leap. By DESMOND CAROLAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Law of the Vultures. By PHYLLIS ALTMAN. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In *Spark of Life* Mr. Remarque has set out to do for the second World War what he did for its predecessor in *All Quiet on the Western Front*. *All Quiet* was, undoubtedly, a kind of classic, a popular classic; it summed up, perhaps better than any other book, what the butchery of that war meant to the young men who were its victims. It was a simple, youthful book, full of feeling and of the authentic flavour of first-hand experience. This last quality, of course, is lacking in *Spark of Life*, for Mr. Remarque has set his scene in a German concentration camp, as being a distillation of what his publishers call "the human agony of war." Nor can we expect to find here the sense of youth which was one of the most striking features of *All Quiet*. What is left? Certainly some of the simplicity, for here, as in the earlier book, there is only a thread of story in the survival of a group of walking skeletons, and the death, on the eve of liberation, of the central character, 509. The material is all familiar; the overcrowded, stinking huts, the brutality, the shovelling of bodies down the chute into the crematorium, the mixture of loyalty and defeated inhumanity amongst the prisoners, and, at the end, their "Communist-dominated" underground organisation. Mr. Remarque claims, very credibly, that he has documented himself with care; he has also exercised restraint in choosing a "normal" camp instead of an extermination centre. And feeling? Yes, there is feeling in the book; most people, reading it, will feel sometimes angry, sometimes touched, sometimes—especially in the closing stages—really moved.

And yet—how unworthy of its appalling subject must such a novel as this seem! How far, even, does Mr. Remarque, the world-famous best-selling novelist of *Spark of Life*, seem from the obscure young ex-soldier who wrote *All Quiet*. Honest, sincere, written with admirable competence and with all the right feelings, his book somehow has the effect of bringing the ghosts from their mass graves into dreadful juxtaposition with royalty statements and literary cocktail parties. *Spark of Life*—the Human Agony Book Club's September Choice!

Signor Soldati's book, which is not a novel but a collection of three stories linked by the personality of their narrator, is a modest, unpretentious and most admirable essay in the art of storytelling. The Commendatore is a world-famous impresario of opera, whose work and curiosity have, in the course of a long lifetime, involved him in many interesting stories. Three of these he tells in this volume. They are all in the raconteur tradition, a tradition which relishes the elaborate building-up of a mystery, which does not scorn the personal reflections of the storyteller, and which, at its best, as it is in the opening of the first story, is extraordinarily enticing and gripping. *The Green Jacket* concerns a famous conductor who, being thrown into contact with an obscure kettledrummer who is posing as a celebrated musician, accepts the imposture, and acts as a humble admirer. It is an *acte gratuit*, and Signor Soldati makes something curiously convincing and poetic out of the situation. In the other stories it seems to me he displays the rare and almost admirable fault of overplaying a kind of poetic gratuitousness in conduct. The central episode of the last story, in which a man walks out of a window for a casual stroll on the roof, gets farther and farther away from the room where he is visiting, and thus casually abandons his hostess for ever, I found hard to swallow. *The Commander Comes to Dine* is, however, an interesting book, and Signor Soldati is a most rewarding writer.

So, in another way, is Mr. Carolan. *And Ruffians Leap* is a comedy set on an Aegean island in wartime. Angrish, the hero, is a Special Forces lieutenant. Landing from a caique to carry out a mission, he finds himself in the midst of a situation complicated by partisans, reactionaries, rival bodies of British and American officers, and even by the Germans. Towards the end there is some violence, and Mr. Carolan sobers us up. Agreeably sophisticated, engagingly high-spirited, nonchalant, brutal and sometimes epileptically funny, *And Ruffians Leap* is really something quite special. It is true that in his avoidance of the sentimental Mr. Carolan lets fall one incredibly tasteless jest, and it is true also that his book is not strikingly original—he has, I imagine, profited by reading Mr. Waugh—but in a first novel such a mixture of suavity, competence and harshness excuses a good deal, and is quite enough to be going on with.

The Law of the Vultures should perhaps be reviewed in association with *Spark of Life*, since it deals with one of the great symptoms of human agony, race prejudice. It is a book about South Africa, and anyone who picks up a contemporary novel about South Africa knows that, if it is any good, it will make painful reading. Miss Altman's book is good enough to be fairly painful, but, as with two of the other novels here reviewed, originality is not its strong point. Thabo Thaele comes to Johannesburg, as a raw boy from the country, to work in an office. By heroic application to his studies he advances as far as an inferior clerking job, but under provocation he strikes a white man, and as soon as this happens the end, never very obscure to the experienced reader, is all too clear. Thaele "goes political," and so runs foul of the great forces which have been organised precisely to take care of people like himself. His story is tied up with that of Nkosi, a winner of the Military Medal, whose illiteracy and ignorance were grossly exploited by the government,

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and who represents perhaps the kind of political material that such Africans as Thaele have to work with. Thaele, Nkosi, and the other Bantu characters in the book, are treated with great sympathy by the author, but, although they are not merely types, as individual characters they are rather rudimentary. J. D. SCOTT

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,180

Set by Naomi Lewis

Professionals of one art or sport are frequently found to be amateurs of another. Competitors are invited to write a passage of art criticism, suitable for the pages of this journal, on an Exhibition containing paintings by at least three of the following: T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Dr. Edith Sitwell, Raymond Mortimer, Evelyn Waugh, J. B. Priestley, Cyril Connolly, Dorothy Sayers, Ernest Hemingway. Limit 150 words. Entries by October 14.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,177

Set by Eric Swainson

Rewrite any part of Hamlet's advice to the Players as one of the following might have written it: Sean O'Casey, J. M. Synge, Noel Coward, Terence Rattigan, J. B. Priestley, Peter Ustinov. Limit, 150 words.

Report by Eric Swainson

It was a pity that competitors did not take their own advice. The most slavish paraphrases were dull, whilst the funniest frequently *did* o'erstep the modesty of nature in advising against so doing. Surprisingly few attempted the rollicking inventiveness of O'Casey: John J. Dunne, whose Hamlet feared having his "jools of speech deevaluated to a sthring of Woolworth's beads," spoiled a robust entry with too much spleen. Priestley the playwright never appeared, although A. M. Sayers was convincing as Priestley the essayist, and M. M. M. borrowed from Priestley the novelist. Shandon knew his Ustinov—"stage-speech . . . must key up straining ears to a delicious pitch of wondering what the play is about . . . " but he neglected his Shakespeare. Nobody attempted to out-Rattigan Rattigan. The popular choice was Synge, many of whose "living phrases" were destroyed entirely, for me at least. Appletree sent a good piece in the manner of Christopher Fry, whose name he must have read between the lines of the competition as it was set. Prizes shared equally between the five printed.

SYNGE

Let you speak the words sweetly, now, the way I'm after setting them down for you; but if it's rolling them around your mouths you'd be like the smoothering playboys of the Western World, I'd liefer have them spoke by the screaming bell-man of Castlebar. And let you not be cleaving the air with your hand, the like of this; but do all quietly; for in the mighty rage and soaring of your passion, it's you must find a way to keep all smooth. God help you! It vexes me to the very soul to hear some foosthering straw-wigged spouter bawling passionate talk would sicken the guts of a gorilla itself. And for what, I ask you? To coax a trifle of glory from the gallery boys that take his empty bawlings for the wrath of God . . . ALLAN M. LAING

Let you speak then, in the manner of the story-tellers of the West you'd never tire to be hearing if it was only the pig they'd be calling; for it's destroyed I'd be, surely, listening to the like of the great clack some do be making, and they with the fearfullest voices on them the way I'd liefer be hearing the old screeching madwoman is running round in the glen. And if it's the oldest passions of the world itself is in it, let you put sweetness in the tongue would keep bravery and laughter in a town with plague. Ah, it's a poor thing, hearing a man the time he'd have your heart scalded and he turning a fine speech into hard abominations, the way he'd be minding the devil's own scholars and they putting a fool's head on him in the face of the world. M. K. BRYAN

NOEL COWARD

Scene II. A Hall in the West End.
Enter COWARD and certain Players.

COWARD: Speak the speech as I pronounced it to you. Clip it, my dears, don't Wolfit. You *will* remember this isn't a RADA prize-giving, won't you? Some of you are inclined to be just the tiniest bit hammy. It's Mayfair you're holding a mirror up to, not Maryland Point. And it hurts to mention it, but one simply doesn't play to the gallery. They're dear, dear creatures up there, but once the curtain's up one does one's best to forget them. And—of course—no gagging. Do learn the words. There's nothing in them. Then throw them away. It's as simple as that, darlings. See you to-night at 8.30. And thanks terribly. STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Please, no shouting to-night. You'll only succeed in drenching the first six rows of the stalls and driving everybody mad with the echo. And I've noticed that some of your stock gestures are rather odd and often madly unsubtle—remember we've got the Lord Chamberlain in front. Dear boy, must you look like a shy ostrich when you do your comical curtsey? All they'll see is your bottom, which will be amusing for the gallery, perhaps, but deadly dull for the stalls. Don't interrupt—we all know it's a very nice one, but you can have too much of a good thing. While I think of it, the terribly terribly funny belching gag in the middle of the death scene is out. You did it last time you played here and it was quite bloody.

All right, run along and paint yourselves, you sad little mummers. STEPHEN SYLVESTER

SEAN O'CASEY

Is it proper actors yez are at all, or nothin' but bowsies and gutties that couldn't even scrounge a bronze medallion for "Recitations in the Front Parlor" at the Blessed Father Matthew Feis itself that I have to be spendin' and wastin' me divine and epiglottic afflatus tryin' to persuade yez to chuck out your puny chicken-chests like men descended from King Brianboru himself, and he callin' and exhortin' the bould Firbolgs to hurl the foreign and invadin' Danesmen into the corruscatin' sea—but wait now till I tell ye—looka, these're me own precious words yez're to spout with nothin' added, d'y'understand? Get them off beheart like a Hailmary or the Soldiers' Song forbye, and when yez're all D.L.P., see that the whole bloodred theater can hear them, even the little curly-headed chiseler that's paid his glitterin' fourpence to stand at the back of the gods noless.

HARRY FINE

CHESS: Pray Silence for the Reader

No. 157

A "Readers' Own" article has been overdue for a week or two (but further contributions are always welcome). Here is an interesting game won by Bruce Hayden (White) in this year's Surrey Slater-Kennington Cup competition; I enjoyed the piquant finish with the pending Q-sacrifice countered one way and coming off another.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(13)	P-QR4	P-Kt5
(2)	P-Q4	P x P	(14)	Kt-Q5	Kt x Kt
(3)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(15)	P x Kt	Kt-R4
(4)	Kt x P	Kt-B3	(16)	B x RP	Kt-B5
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(17)	B x Kt	R x B
(6)	B-K2	P-KKt3	(18)	Kt-Q4	Q-B2
(7)	O-O	B-Kt2	(19)	R-B2!	R-B1
(8)	B-K3	O-O	(20)	P-Kt3	R-B6
(9)	Q-Q2	P-QR3	(21)	Kt-Kt5	B x Kt
(10)	QR-Q1	B-Q2	(22)	P x B	Q-R4
(11)	Kt-Kt3	P-QKt4	(23)	P-Kt6	R x BP
(12)	P-B3	R-B1	(24)	P-Kt7	resigns

Another well-earned chess-book token goes to that inveterate collector of them, A. J. Roycroft, who, playing Black in this position produced a neat finish.

(1)		Kt-Q6
(2)	P-Kt3	P x P!
(3)	R x Kt	P-Kt7
(4)	R-Kt1	P-Kt8

(5)	P-QB4	R x BP	(11) Q-Q1	Q x Q ch
(6)	Kt x R	Q x Kt	(12) R x Q	P-R5
(7)	Q-Q1	R x P	(13) K-B1	P-R6
(8)	R x R	B x R	(14) K-K2	P-Kt6
(9)	B-B7	Q x B	(15) resigns	
(10)	Q x B	Q-B8 ch		

Another neat ending occurred in a game won by P. Cohen (White) against Sioma Saivoits, a former Bucharest Youth Champion now resident in Israel.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(18) RP x P	Kt-Kt5
(2)	P-QB4	P-K4	(19) B-Q5 ch	K-R1
(3)	QP x P	P-Q5	(20) Kt-B3	Kt x P
(4)	Kt-KB3	B-Kt5 ch	(21) R-KB1	Kt-R6 ch
(5)	B-Q2	Q-K2	(22) K-Kt2	R x R
(6)	Q-R4 ch	Kt-QB3	(23) K x R	P-KKt4
(7)	B x B	Q x B ch	(24) B-K4	B-K3
(8)	Q x Q	Kt x Q	(25) Kt-Kt5	R-B1 ch
(9)	Kt x P	P-QB4	(26) K-K1	P-QR3
(10)	P-QR3	P x Kt	(27) Kt-Q6	P-Kt3
(11)	P x Kt	Kt-K2	(28) B-Kt7	P-KR4
(12)	P-KKt3	Kt-B3	(29) B x P	R-B7
(13)	B-Kt2	Kt x KP	(30) B-Kt7	B-Kt5
(14)	P-Kt3	O-O	(31) R x B	P x R
(15)	O-O	P-B4	(32) P-B5	R-B3
(16)	R-Q1	P-B5	(33) P-B6	resigns
(17)	R x P	P x P		

Here finally is a pretty little game won by A. J. D. Lothian in the Edinburgh Handicap Tourney; he conceded the odds of QR, and his opponent who might have safely castled on the 13 move was lured by the chance of a Q-swop.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(9) KKt x B	B-K2
(2)	P-KB4	P-Q4	(10) R-K1	Q-B3 ch
(3)	P x QP	Q x P	(11) Kt-B4	P-B3
(4)	Kt-QB3	Q-QR4	(12) K-Kt1	Kt-Q2
(5)	P x P	Q x P ch	(13) P-Q5	P-B4 ?
(6)	B-K2	B-KKt5	(14) Kt-K4	Q-Q5 ch
(7)	P-Q4	Q-K3	(15) Q x Q	P x Q
(8)	K-B2	B x B	(16) P-Q6	B-R5

Here Lothian administered a neat if obvious mate in 2.

A: L. Prokes 1951

What with readers' creative energies bent on winning sixfold the usual token (and infinitely greater glory) in our new study-competition, I have no "home-made" piece to offer this week: yet, it was one of our Swedish competitors, Fritiof Sclander, who sent in **A**—White to draw—a delightful study first published in *Tidskrift för schack* by its famous Czech composer. It should be well worth 6 points. **B** is the usual 4-pointer for beginners, a game position in which White had just played his Kt to K4, imagining thereby to avert all dangers. He was wrong, though, and speedily overwhelmed. How? As for **C**—White to win—this is a witty little piece by a well-known Soviet composer. It is not as easy as it looks and may well be worth 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by October 13.

B: Salminger 1896

C: D. Petrov 1948

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 13

A: (1) Kt-Q5, etc.

B: (1) QRP queens ch, K x Q. (2) B-Kt4, R-K5 ch. (3) K-Q8, R-Q5 ch. (4) K-B7, R-QB5 ch. (5) K-Kt6, R-QKt5 ch. (6) K-R6, R-Kt1. (7) B-B3 ch, etc.
(Immediate (1) B-Kt4 would be refuted by the R giving perp. check.)

C: (1) Kt-Q5 ch, K-B4! (2) Kt x B, Kt-K4 ch. (3) K-B3! Kt-B3! (4) Kt-R4 ch, K-Kt 4. (5) K-Kt3, Kt x B. (6) Kt-K7, Kt-B3. (7) Kt-KB5! Kt any (8) Kt-Q4 mate.

Even some of our crack solvers were stumped by **C.** Others, by plunging for (1) B-Kt4, overlooked the above-mentioned *finesse* in **B.** Prizes shared by Leslie Hale, J. R. Harman, R. J. R. Hayward, M. Kaye. No less flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen, G. E. Crow, J. C. Cock, G. E. Fisher, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

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The author of *Chinese White*. 12s. 6d.

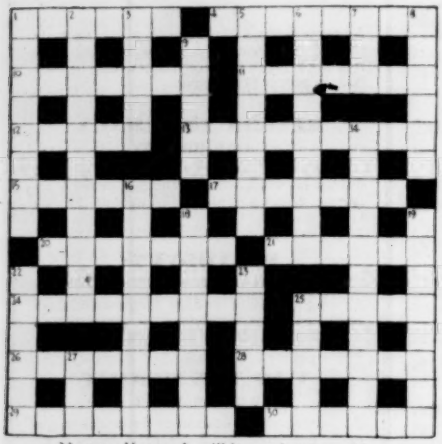
Autumn
Erskine Caldwell
Two new volumes by this famous American author. **The Courting of Susie Brown** (9s. 6d.), a selection of his finest stories and **A Lamp for Nightfall**, a story set on the coast of Maine. 10s. 6d.

Radclyffe Hall
The Well of Loneliness, her best known work, is available again at 18s. Titles published in this Uniform Edition of her work include: *The Unlit Lamp*, *Adam's Breed*, *A Saturday Life*, *The Master of the House*, and *The Forge*. For publication in October, **Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself.** 15s.

FALCON PRESS

Week-end Crossword No. 16

LITERARY



Next week's puzzle will be a prize competition.

ACROSS

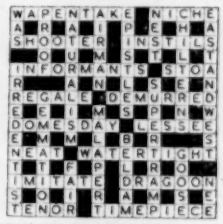
1. Missing from the latest best seller (6).
4. He inspired Verdi and Elgar (8).
10. Warlike poet (7).
11. Writer who would make a good subject for the artist (7).
12. Flower for a detective (5).
13. This poet would become a musician, if followed by his middle name (9).
15. Antic hay dancers (6).
17. Dogged type often seen with Bill (7).
20. Winds of Classical literature tease in changing (7).
21. Song is knowledge for some mystics (6).
24. She told the tale of St. Cecilia (6, 3).
25. "All the —— of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word" (Tennyson) (5).
26. Ship celebrated in verse by Tennyson (7).
28. He sang of Yasmin (7).
29. Injustices such as the master of Dingley Dell might alter (3, 5).
30. Gathering of indolent reviewers (6).

DOWN

1. Like Oliver Twist, without a playwright (8).
2. Descriptive of an ancient walkie-talkie set (11).
3. Beside Lake Geneva you could find Tom's little white friend in (5).
5. Unlimited for Lydia (8).
6. Arbiter's work of deity and image (9).
7. Written with essence (3).
8. "Friends who set forth at our side ——, are lost in the storm." (Arnold) (6).
9. She went to see the Changing of the Guard (5).
14. Overhead covering for a sleuth (11).
16. Quixote's steed (9).
18. Lillo's hero (8).
19. Knight of verse painted by Millais (8).
22. Ralph Nickleby commenced this on a limited scale at school (6).
23. Peck off a hypocrite's head (5).
25. Sounds like a possible mate for the good soldier's creator (5).
27. "That great —— which did incorporate and make us one." (Julius Caesar) (3)

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 15



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

APPOINTMENTS in Pakistan. Applications are invited for the undermentioned posts in two residential "Public Service Schools" in the Punjab. The main purpose of the Schools is to give a sound general education and training on Public School lines, with a slightly technical bias, to Pakistani boys from the age of 11 to 16 or 18 who will later either become the officers and technicians of the Royal Pakistan Air Force or will go into other Pakistan Services. The intention is to open one of the Schools on January 1 and the other on May 1, 1953. (a) A Principal, to be responsible for both Schools and to be Headmaster of the Pre-Officer-Cadet School—250 boys. (b) A Headmaster of the Pre-Apprentice School—450 boys. (c) Deputy Headmasters. (d) House Masters. (e) A Bursar. (f) Assistant Masters (English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography, Physical Education and Art). (g) General Medical Practitioner. (h) Matron/Dispenser (S.R.N.). The Pakistan Government has entrusted Air Service Training, of Hamble, with the establishment and the operation of these Schools; the staff of the Schools will thus be employees of this Company (a member of the Hawker Siddeley Group). Functional and administrative control will be exercised by the Governing Body, who have delegated to the Company such powers as are necessary for operating the Schools. Details of these appointments may be obtained from the Commandant, Air Service Training, Ltd., Hamble, Hampshire.

HILLCROFT College for Adult Education (Women) invites applications from women with good honours degrees able to offer two subjects from the following: History, Philosophy, Political Theory, Economics, Psychology, for lectureship (residence essential) commencing January, 1953. Age preferably 25-35; lecturing experience with adults or in a university or training college an advantage; comfortable accommodation: central London 20 mins. by train. Applications preferably before October 15. Further particulars from the Secretary, Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

KUWAIT Oil Company, Limited, invites application for the appointment of Economist on the General Manager's staff in Kuwait. Must be a graduate in Economics and have specialised in statistics. Essential to have had experience in Engineering or other industrial organisation where economic analyses have been undertaken. Age 28 to 35. Salary according to experience, plus generous allowances, pension scheme, kit allowance. Write giving personal details for application form to Box N.95, c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Matron required at Honister Working Girls' Hostel, Ridgemont Road, St. Albans (14 girls over 15 years). Salary £292 × £15—£337 plus emoluments valued at £193 per annum. Application would be considered from married woman (accom. but not employment) offered for husband. Partics. & forms (to be returned by Oct. 14) from Children's Officer, County Hall, Hertford.

LABOUR M.P. reqs. part-time Secretary, mornings preld.—shorthand essentl. Partics. to Box 3939—all replies answered.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COOK (resident) required at St. Christopher's Reception Home for 20 children at Ruyington, near Littlehampton. Salary for 44-hour week £5 2s. 6d., from which 29s. is deducted for board and lodging. Applications giving details of experience and the names and addresses of two referees to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Regret no accommodation for staff children.

COOK (resident) required at Shermanbury Grange Approved School for 36 Senior girls, Shermanbury, near Horsham. Salary for 48-hour week £5 2s. 6d., from which 29s. is deducted for board and lodging. Applications giving details of experience and the names and addresses of two referees to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Regret no accommodation for staff children.

WELL-qualified and experienced Company Secretary Accountant wanted by leading manufacturers of Synthetic Resins for Paints and Plastics. Generous salary for man of live personality prepared to accept challenge of a position of leadership and influence in a well-established Co-ownership Organisation. Applicants should write in confidence, giving full particulars to The Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

WOMEN'S International Organisation requires Assistant Secretary (woman) with knowledge of the work of the United Nations. 5-day week, commencing salary £364. Reply in writing before October 11, stating qualifications and experience, to A.C.W.W., 167 Kensington High St., London, W.8.

COMPETENT senior shorthand typist required for well-established Co-ownership business situated in pleasant country district adjacent to county town. Good salary and recommended accommodation. Position of interest and responsibility for woman with socially progressive outlook. Box 3784.

EDUCATED women, efficient Shorthand-Typists, wanted for a variety of good posts, permanent and temporary. St. Stephen's Secretarial, 38 Parliament Street, S.W.1. WHI. 0606. No charge to staff.

ENGLISH/German shorthand-typist required by City firm. Hours 9.30-5.30. Pension Scheme. Box 3829.

POLITICIAN (Socialist) and Journalist requires educated housekeeper-assistant to run house London with morning help. Typing experience advantage. Please state full particulars and salary reqd. Box 3904.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRADUATE (Hons.), 27, travelled, writing interests, requires post, pref. where exceptional knowledge Spanish, Portuguese, Italian would be useful. Box 3725.

MAN (27), educated, qualified, unusual creative ability and imagination, seeks post. Box 3776.

AGRICULTURAL worker, 27, married (pacifist), seeks post where accommodation provided. Box 3772.

SOCIAL Science graduate, 24 (f.), seeks constructive welfare or casework job outside London, but Southeen England. Box 3774.

ABROAD: woman grad. (24) seeks job demanding initiative and hard work with prospects. Willing to train. Box 3762.

SOCIAL Science grad., 18 mths. experience Hospital Almoner, seeks post, interviewing, welfare, admin. Pref. London. Box 3683.

PERSONABLE intelligent young woman B.A. Hist. (Hons.), French & some Spanish, learning sh./typng., wants work. Box 4003.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

HIGH speed shorthand-typist reqs. evng. or week-end work to maintain child, secretarial or verbatim meetings. Also French & Spanish MSS. or interpreting. Box 3856.

GIRL, 22, evening Univ. stud. (Arts) desires day post teaching or similar. Box 3945.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

FOR mild climate in the Autumn, St. Leonards: Hastings 3191. "Morningside Hotel," Tower Rd. West, for "The Perfect Food" in largest variety and for every comfort.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sandy beach. h. & c. Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Special terms October 5gns. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," 52 Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel for restful autumn holidays. English cooking at its very best. A.A. recommended. Reduced terms September 1 onward.

THREE sisters invite paying guests to quiet country house, S.W. France. Excellent air and food; reasonable. Box 3911.

SOUTH Cornwall. Restful holidays in country house on river Fowey. Secluded, all modern comfort, 100-acre farm, T.T. Jersey herd, excellent food, river bathing, fishing, rough shooting, close to sea and beaches. 14 guests only. Inclusive terms from mid-September 6gns. Bed and breakfast 12s. 6d. Brochure, Mrs. Wheeler, Penquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. Phone Fowey 124.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

PARIS: One week £10 or ten days £14, absolutely inclusive room, meals, service and tax. Also rooms with breakfast from 10s. inclusive. Hotel Tournefort (Directors G. Lesage and T. Stafford), 24 Rue Tournefort, Paris, 5. (Latin Quarter.)

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

BUDE, Cornwall, Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & c. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food is a speciality here. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely in Autumn. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey herd. Sea warm. Surf-bathing. Polzeath. Salmon, trout in season. Golf Rock. For Port Quin, Port Gaverne, Lundy Bay. Excellent cuisine & all comforts guaranteed. Under new management. Open all the year. Port Isaac 234.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (3 stars), on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms, Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 8-10gns. p.w. Apply Manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

LONDON: Beautiful Thames Valley—Richmond. Charming hse. by river, sun., 20 min. Strand, B.B. 12s. 6d. Lyndon, 12a Ailsa Rd., St. Margarets, Mdx. POP. 4790.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BOOK immediately for October (a few twin-bedded rooms remaining) at warm congenial private hotel in mild winter resort medically commended for late holidays (see informative brochure; free on request). £5 to £7 10s. including early tea, three meals plus afternoon tea, and fresh fruit daily, coffee, baths, and free heating in bedroom if weather cool. Slumberlands, h. & c., 35 beds. Well appointed; two lounges. Fully booked last autumn. Recommended by readers, also members well-known movements. Convalescents welcome (breakfast in bed). Vegetarians also welcome. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position facing South, opposite all weather promenade; near Sun-Lounge (orchestra daily); Three mile promenade; curative baths. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

SUSSEX. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, for quiet week-end or long stay. Comfort and good food. Phone Horeham Rd. 32.

BED and Breakfast 10s. 6d. each, highly recommended. Near shops, sea, station. Hall, 7 Haldon Terrace, Dawlish.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service, 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ERITREA On The Eve. A colony wins freedom while Britain destroys its ports! All about Eritrea, past, present and future. Problems of the new Ethiopia-Eritrea Federation established this month! A great act of liberation. Be informed of current history!—from "New Times and Ethiopia News," 3 Charteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex. Price 7s. 6d. (postage and packing 8d.).

WILLIAM Sansom's new long story, a Summer frolic entitled "A Contest for Ladies", appears in The Cornhill Magazine available at all Bookshops. 2s. 6d. net.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

STUDENTS! Borrow textbooks for duration of your studies from the Students' Lending Library. Set books for most academic, professional and technical exams. are available. Send for Prosp., stating books reqd. if possible, to Librarian (Dept. 17), "Books & Careers," 485 Oxford St., W.1.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interests. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & F. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7934.

PARIS Literary, Fashion & Cinema magazines on subscription. Price list A.F.P., Ltd. (Dept. P.66), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 35a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Stop latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8741.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"TOPICS of the Time." 8 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Oct. 7 at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. Speakers: Lt.-Gen. Sir Ian Jacob, Paul Bloomfield, the Hon. Harold Nicholson, R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., Christopher Hollis, M.P., Claud Mullins, The Rt. Hon. Douglas Jay, M.P., The Dean of St. Paul's. (Topics: Defence of the West, Population, Anglo-American Co-operation, Future of Socialism, Education, Crime and Punishment, Cost of Living, Can Civilisation Survive without Religion?) Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Secretary (Waterloo 6872).

"VIEWS on Jewish Topics"—Lecture Course arranged by Zionist Federation, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, Mondays, 8 p.m. Oct. 27, "From Basle to Jerusalem—Crisis of Implementation": Prof. S. Brodetsky and Dr. S. Levenberg. Nov. 24, "Judaism in the Modern World": Rabbi Dr. A. Altmann. Dec. 15, "Israel and the Arab States": Jon Kimche. Jan. 26, "The Place of Zionism in Jewish Education": Symposium with Miss B. J. Barwell, Dr. I. Fishman, L. Gertner, Rev. I. Levy and Rabbi Dr. S. Schonfield. Feb. 23, "The Jewish Problem." The Communist View by Prof. Hyman Levy; The Zionist View by Dr. Dov Biegun. Mar. 23, "Israel and British Commonwealth Strategy": R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.—Single Tickets: 2s. 6d. and 4s. Series Tickets: 12s. and 18s. Apply: 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

APPRECIATION of Painting. Ten illustrated lectures by Archibald Ziegler. Mondays at 8. Comm. Oct. 6. Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1.

LOOKING back from the year 2000. Week-end Lecture-Discussion Oct. 10-13, at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. (Checkendon 221).

LEARN to learn a foreign language. Unconventional Weekend Course in German or Italian, Oct. 17-20, at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. (Checkendon 221).

MR. Charles Neil, Principal of the Isobel Cripps Centre, will run two special courses in Psycho-somatic Re-education beginning early October: (1) for qualified medical practitioners interested in the latest developments in postural re-education and relaxation; (2) for ordinary men and women who realise that they can benefit by learning to use their bodies more effectively. Details from Secy., I.C.C., 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. PARK 7222.

YOUR voice and its possibilities! Send for details of inexpensive postal tuition course on Voice Production and Training to: Clifford A. Fairhead, 24 Haddington Road, Bromley, Kent.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams, etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7787.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ALL Modern Languages at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., Hampstead. Speciality English for foreigners. Experienced teachers, moderate fees. HAM. 9097.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

TOUCH-Typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons. MUSeum 0383.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg), also evng. classes shorthand/typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLCTG./typg./temp. staff. Kiwi Business Agency, 119 Oxford St., GER. 0276.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

WANTED by quick, accurate, experienced typist, copy typing MSS., etc., for execution at home. Moderate charges. Mrs. H. R. Young, 2 Marina Drive, Welling, Kent.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

A RELIABLE Duplicating/Typing service. Experienced secs. Mabel Byles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1763, Ext. 1.

RATHBONE - SECRETARIAT. MUS. 1175. Efficient, speedy; neat layouts. Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

MILDRED Furse—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement, 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAL. 7479.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TRANSLATIONS: Expert service in 46 languages, incl. technical work. Also high-class typing/duplicating/envelope addressing/circularising. Keen prices. N. S. Ghosh Organisation (NS1), 11 Old Bond St., W.1.

PERSONAL

B.A. Gown wanted. State condition, price, length. POP. 1913 evgs. or Box 3883.

PROF. woman (Priv. Sec.) would welcome occasional week-end hospitality country/seaside in exchange sec. services or use of town occasionally in her own charming London flat—subject exch. of refs. Box 3688.

ENGLISHMAN wants lift to Spain end of October. Share costs or could help much in currency. Box 3910.

VILLA near Lerici available now any period till March 30. 5 beds. (4 bedrooms). Sea just below. Perfect comfort ensured. Rent £2 p.w.: Food & all extras incl. service, wine. 1,500 lire p. persn. p. day. Miss D. S. Willis, 61 Deodar Rd., S.W.15.

RESEARCH undertaken for all kinds speeches, articles. State terms. Box 3752.

CAMBRIDGE B.A. seeks part-time work in London: tutorial, literary, musical. Box 3700.

FILM. Wanted urgently, copies of R. Arnheim's "Film" and Spottiswoode's "Grammar of the Film." Box 3793.

SPANISH girl gives Spanish lessons. Write Box 4006.

AU Pair. Select French families, Paris, offer 3-9 mths' stay, pocket money, to well-educ. yng. ladies—willing help with children & easy hswk. Refs. exch. Box 3950.

SPANISH Student gives Spanish lessons. French/German/English trans. Box 4007.

SINGING technique imparted to possessors of good but badly placed or untrained soprano and tenor voices. Individual lessons and group lectures with demonstrations. Helena Gelmar, Park 6047.

YOUNG American man wishes information concerning methods of discipline used in English and Continental homes and schools. Box 3627.

GERMAN Conversation for advanced students and others. Thurs. or Sat. evg. Write: Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

TUITION in Pure and Applied Maths. to A. and S. levels. Nr. Baker St. Box 3794.

EIDO-Analysis. New technique for analysing arguments, beliefs, outlooks of others, by comparative study of ideas; gives ability to express own views adequately and convincingly. Details Wichelo, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1456.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

THE Oxford Centre for Psychotherapy can now offer full treatment facilities in London. For details write to: Secretary, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., W.1.

ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

LANGUAGES made easy with films. Classes 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

LONDON Bach Society has immed. vacancies for two contraltos. Strong voices, good sight reading. Apply Dr. Paul Steinitz, 244 Mytchett Rd., Mytchett, Aldershot.

STRATFORD Week-end. Erna Low invites her friends in the Midlands and the North to join her at the Stratford Week-end Party, Oct. 17/19. Details on application Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

WINTER Holidays 1952/53: Our Winter Booklet including Winter Sports, Southern Sunshine Holidays, Christmas and Week-end arrangements, Social Events, is available now. Write, 'phone or call for free copy. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

WINTER Sports in Switzerland. Small escorted party Xmas & New Year, 15 days, 42gns. (Air 52gns.). Other departures. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

THE Dalmatian Coast for late holidays. Glorious sunshine, reduced hotel rates. For details consult Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

YOUR Autumn or Winter holiday can be spent happily at a friendly Holiday Fellowship Guest House. There are over 30 in Great Britain—you won't have to travel far. Comfortable accommodation, good food and reasonable charge. Write for free booklet to The Holiday Fellowship, Room 19, 142 Great North Way, London, N.W.4.

SPANISH lessons, translations. J. L. Castillo, M.A. (Cantab.), 43 Castleton Mansions, Riverview Gardens, S.W.13. RIV. 2338.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. —Details M.A. Educational Service, 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

PIANIST, with special interest in the teaching of systematic technique, has vacancies for a few pupils in London or N. Surrey. Phone Martin Wilson, VIGilant 4528.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

RUSSIAN lady gives Russian lessons. Box 3439.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

DO you suffer from nerves? Try Nerve Manipulation, a therapy of proved value in conditions of nervous tension, exhaustion, fatigue and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 21d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from the face & body by the latest Continental method—expert attention—perfect results—no scars. Electro Cosmetics, Ltd., 25 Welbeck St., London, W.1. WEL. 1754.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with lic. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

P.S. "There'll be snow on them there hills" and for 28½ guineas you may schuss, stem and christie on it in Switzerland, Austria and the Savoy. 16-day periods, with ski hire and instruction included. Special parties for students and new-students; departures December 6, 18, 20, 27—also Easter.

P.P.S. Many bookings already from old friends but still some room for new ones if you write soon to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or ring HARrow 1040.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Bryanston St., Marble Arch (behind Cumberland Hotel). Open 6 days a week, including week-ends (not Tues.). Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, discussion groups, English classes for foreigners, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 5088.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

LEARN Shorthand by November 4 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 21d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

WOODCARVING. Picture Frames, Wall lights, Heraldic Repairs, etc., Architectural Woodcarver, High St., Harlington, Mx.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

DO you practice economy? You will make substantial savings in your budget by using the Omnia Press and Secretarial Service, 70 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1. MUSeum 9419, for printing, duplicating, typing, all secretarial work.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

LARGE, well-furnished room and kitchenette, N.W.3., to let for four months from mid-October. PRI. 0236.

FURN. flat, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb, 2 rooms, kit., bathrm., suit bus. cple. or gentlemen. 5gns. wkly. Refs. exs. Box 3749.

BACHELOR, 30, requires another responsible one share 3-room furnished Berkeley Square flat. £3 15s. p.w. Box 3901.

HAMPSTEAD. Attrac. lge. furn. rm., 1st flr. priv. flat. All cons. PRI. 1562.

ATTRACTIVELY furn. sitting-room, dble. bedroom, newly converted kitch., gas fires, constant h. & c., use bathroom, 'phone. 4½gns. incl. elec. SPE. 5623.

TWO girls sharing mod. flat W.8 offer furnished room to third. Kit. & bath. Constant hot water. Independent. 2gns. Box 3777.

PIED-à-terre weekdays available N.W.3.—congenial tenant more important than rent. Box 3427.

2 MINS. Notting Hill, s/c furn. flat to let during school or University terms, 8-8½ gns., in exchange for sitting-in approx. 3 evgs. weekly. Bed-sitting-room (2 beds.), kit./din., bathroom, w.c. PARK 7208 after 6.30.

LADY offers moderate acc. priv. mod. hse., comf. home Woodford Cent. Box 3884.

COUNTRY-lover, prepared to undertake for adjoining owner some spare time jobs for appropriate payment, is offered charming old fashioned cottage with two bedrooms and bathroom for a rent of £2 2s. a week. Electricity, garden and car accommodation. Suitable educated couple or two active ladies. Quiet village 10 miles from Oxford. Box 3755.

CARAVAN to let now till April. 15s. a week. Calor gas fire, lights and cooking. Fully equipped. Sheltered and secluded site. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

W. SUSSEX. Furn. bungalow vac. Dec. Sm. 6 miles. All amenities, 4½gns. p.w. M.B., 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

ARTIST (lady) urgently requires unfurnished flat or 1/2 rooms. Willing to buy little F. & F. Box 3861.

AUSTRALIAN couple, arr. Oct. 8 to study at L.S.E., want small s.c. furn. flat/maisonette. Interested in politics and animals. Urgent necessity. Box 3721.

2 YOUNG teachers, f., urg. req. furn. accom., chg. facs., till Dec., easy Paddl. Station. BAY. 7035 after 5 p.m.

URGENT. S/C. fur./unfur. flat sought by grad. & wife: N./N.E. London. Box 3773.

PROF. man (bachelor) requires unfurn. or furn. flat, North West London preftd. Bank refs. Box 3650.

UNFURN. flat reqd. by young couple. Reasonable rent. Any district. Box 3951.

BOARD and lodging reqd. with use piano for young lady student of singing. State best terms. Reply F. Revill, 718 Clarkston Road, Glasgow, S.4.

ENGLISHMAN with Karen (Burmese) wife and infant proceeding U.K. on leave, seek furnished accom. flat/house, pref. West country nr. sea, March/July, 1953. Box 3865.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

WEST Dorset. Well-built, tiled roof bungalow, facing South, wonderful view. 2 recep., 3 bedrms., bathrm., w.c., e.l., Aga, central htg., garage, garden. Heenan, Old Lime Kiln, Shipton Gorge, nr. Bridport.

ADVERTISER wishes to dispose of rent restricted cottage, Norfolk-Suffolk borders. Suitable couple only. Rent paid till July, 1953; thereafter 2s. 6d. per week. Will vacate for cost of recent repairs and decorations, (apx. £100.) Cheston, Tivershall, Norwich.

£2000 Marden, Kent. 3 timbered cottages, one vacant just renovated. Others produce £33 yearly. Previously farmhouse. 2 bed. livingroom, mod. k. & b. All servs. Gdn. 80 mins. train London. Dets. Mrs. Seymour, Oast House, Mereworth, Kent. Wateringbury 82298 evenings.

SCHOOLS

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls, 8-18. Recognised Ministry: 14 teachers—Grammar School curriculum, advanced courses, exceptional facilities Art, Music and Crafts. K. C. Barnes, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat & Sun. 5 & 8. Sonia Dresdel in "Two Loves I Have." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY Theatre (Bus. 3391). "Christmas Bridge." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. New Czech Film "Krakatit." Tues., Oct. 7, 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Final Performances, Fri., Sat., 10.30; Sun., 9. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Fr. Tu., evgs. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Irving Cabaret." Hedli Anderson, Edric Connor, Violetta. Mem.

NEW Torch Theatre Club, 59 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. "Le Cabaret du Bon Vin," with E. & L. Berk, Cy Grant, Pamela Manson. Wed-Sat. 9.30, Sun. 8.30. Mems. 5s. p.a. B. Office, 3-10. SLO. 4424.

SPECIAL Matinee in aid of The Dickens House Endowment Fund at Drury Lane Theatre, Oct. 30, 2.30 p.m. Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens in a repeat performance of his famous "Mixed Bill." Tickets: from the Box Office, Drury Lane Theatre, Tem. 8108, or usual agents; by letter from Dickens Matinee, News Chronicle, Bouverie Street, or by personal call at 4 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 5: "La Vie Commence Demain" (X), "De Renoir à Picasso" (U). From Oct. 6: "Marius" Trilogy. Part I – "Marius" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3311. Sun., Oct. 5, 7.30. "Kurban Cossacks" (U) (U.S.S.R.).

ART Film Show. "Henry Moore," "Begone Dull Care," "Shapes and Forms." Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Mon., Oct. 6, 8. Adm. 2s.

NEW Era Film Soc. presents "Victory of the Chinese People" (in colour) and "Kameradschaft" (Classic of French-German solidarity in mining disaster). Sat., Oct. 4, 7.30 at Holborn Hall. 2s. advance, 2s. 6d. on day. Members' and their guests only. S.A.E. 40 Berwick St., W.1.

CHAPLIN'S "Shoulder Arms," "Affaire Blum," Oct. 7, Hampstead Town Hall Hampstead Film Soc., 11 Eldon Grove, N.W.3. HAM. 1636.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Film: "Lenin in October." Mon., Oct. 13, 8 p.m. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s.6.: Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S.

ILFORD New Era Film Society. Tues., Oct. 7, 8 p.m. Seven Kings Library Hall, Ilford. Titu Gobbi and Rome Opera Company in "The Barber of Seville," with supporting programme. Adm. 2s.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday, October 12, at 7.30. Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M. 80th Birthday Celebration Concert. 2s. 6d. to 15s. WATerloo 3191 & agents.

BBC. Symphony Concerts. Royal Festival Hall. Eleven Subscription Concerts. Series A: Oct. 15, 29; Nov. 12, 26; Dec. 10. Series B: Jan. 14, 28; Feb. 11, 25; Mar. 11; Apr. 1. First Concert: Wed., Oct. 15, at 8 p.m. Overture, The Wasps (Vaughan Williams); Piano Concerto No. 2 (Brahms); Symphony No. 6 (Vaughan Williams). Soloist: Solomon. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Single tickets: 15s., 12s., 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Subscription Series A: 65s., 55s., 45s., 32s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 15s. Subscription Series B: 78s., 66s., 54s., 39s., 27s., 18s., 12s. Tickets and Prospectus available from Hall (Wat. 4191) and usual agents.

KATHLEEN Ferrier and Peter Pears, Pianoforte: Gerald Moore (Presented by The English Opera Group), Victoria and Albert Museum, S.W.7. This Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8. Arias & Duets by Monteverdi, Bach, Morley, Purcell. Songs & Duets by Schumann & Brahms. Folk Songs. Canticle "Abraham & Isaac," by Britten. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Chappell's, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (and at Museum from 6.15 on Sunday).

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

DANCE Organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Oct. 4, 7.30 p.m. at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6, Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 4s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté—"Choix des plus Belles Fleurs"—140 original colour engravings. New Gallery—Selection of Modern French Masters. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

POTTERY and Textiles by Artist Craftsmen in Great Britain, 1920-52. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till October 8. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., 10-8. Admission 1s.

DEGAS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Oct. 18. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

HAND-MADE and Hand-decorated Toys and Gay Embroidery Pictures by Yootha Rose, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1.

ARCADE Gallery. Mannerism; Paintings, Drawings, Sculpture 1530-1600. October 1-18. 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PARIS—La Galerie Craven, 5 Rue des Beaux Arts, Gouaches by Albert Pléty; Sculpture by Penosa; Ganymed Reproductions. Until Oct. 10.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

THE Coiffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculpture by Sydney Arrobus and Victor Anton. September 28 to October 26.

OLD Masters under 25gns. on show at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Some paintings from the W. A. Evill Collection. Also Terry Frost and Walter Hoyle, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend; Cyclist drawings by Peter Startup.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Looking Forward": An exhibition of realist pictures by contemporary British artists. Daily 11-6. Suns. 2-6. Closed Mondays.

KOKOSCHKA. Exhibition Drawings and Graphic Art. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Daily 10-6. Sunday 2-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Sandra Blow, Alan Davie, Redvers Taylor.

CRAFTWORK from East Anglia, including hand-made baskets, rugs, pottery, weaving, lace, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Pottery, Bernard Leach, Shoji Hamada.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Sculptures and Drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CRAFTWORK Exhibition and Sale at 26 Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Thurs., October 23, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by D. Khavett; Drawings by Michael Ayrton; Sidney Nolan; and Gouaches and Pochoirs by Utrillo. Hours: 10-6; Sat. 10-1. Closes October 25.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MEMORIAL meeting to John Dewey will be held 7.30 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 7, at Conway Hall. Joseph Rogers, M.P., in the chair. Speakers: Prof. Brand Blanshard (Yale), Prof. H. Steele Commager, Prof. A. E. Heath, William H. Morris (representing His Excellency the U.S. Ambassador), S. K. Ratcliffe and Dr. Elsa Walters (Froebel Inst.).

DOROTHY L. Sayers on Tennyson's "Idylls." 6 p.m., Mon., Oct. 6, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.8 p.m. snacks and bargain bookstall; bring your Sayers books to be signed. 8 p.m., Surrey Community Players in Towneley Nativity Plays. Adm., lecture 2s. 6d., plays 2s. 6d. Churchwardens' At Home in aid of St. Thomas's Church Rebuilding Fund.

"THE Gorki Period In Russian Literature." Lecture-Discussion, October 7, 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3, at 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 8, 6.30. Public Lecture: "Practical Healing in Buddhism." The Samanera Dhammananda.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Oct. 11, 6 p.m. M. Jean Bacon: "Le théâtre de Jean Anouilh."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, W.2 (5 mins. fr. Paddington Stn., Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welc. Oct. 5: "Basic Principles of Theosophy."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 5: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Future of Humanism." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

FOYER—a society for those interested in talks and discussions on ballet, drama, literature and visual arts. Particulars from Secretary, 43 Glenmore Rd., N.W.3.

SATURDAY Night Special: Hungary builds for peace. Trade Unionists report on delegation visit to Hungary. T. Shields, B.E.M. (Pres. Dean & Chapter Miners' Lodge, C. Durham), S. E. Dale (N.U.R., elected by Works Comm. (Employees' Side) Rly. Executive, Crewe), Dr. Bruce Cardew (Sec. Medical Practitioners' Union), Fred Moore (A.U.B.T.W.), R. F. Bagley (Nat. Org., Fire Brigades' Union), and others. Saturday, October 11, at 7 p.m. Beaver Hall, Mansion House, London. Adm. 6d.

MRS. M. Eden will speak on "The Plight of the Child Refugee". Oct. 10, 8.30 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns. W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace Craven Rd.).

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "A Personalist Revolution in the School." Conway Hall, Wed., Oct. 8, at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ST. Pancras Town Hall. Mon. next, Oct. 6, at 8 p.m. "The Mind of Youth." A discussion of the interests, thoughts, problems, hopes & ideals of young people in the world of to-day, contributed to by Basil Henriques, C.B.E., M.A., J.P., Dr. J. Macalister Brew, M.A., and F. W. Lockwood, M.A. Friday, Oct. 10 at 7 p.m. "An Evening with Charles Dickens," with Readings from the Novels by Carlton Hobbs, followed by The Tavistock Repertory Company presenting "The Strange Gentleman" and a Discussion between L. A. G. Strong, Collin Brooks and Lady Cynthia Asquith. Admission free by ticket only obtainable from Town Hall or Public Libraries of St. Pancras.

THE 7th International Film Festival. Speaker: Mr. Ralph Bond. Chairman: Mr. Stewart Farrer. Meeting arranged by British-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues. Oct. 7, 7.45. All welc.

HARLOW New Town. Conducted visit, Saturday, October 11, organised by Essex Fabian Societies. Commencing 1 p.m. Tea and Discussion 4.30 p.m. Details: M. Innes, 23 First Avenue, Chelmsford.

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Britain and the World": consecutive Tuesdays, Oct. 28-Dec. 2. Harold Wilson, Noel Annan, Ritchie Calder, Thomas Balogh, Douglas Jay, Hugh Gaitskell, Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, 7.15 p.m. Tickets (non-members), single, 2s. 6d. & 4s.; series, 11s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. Apply Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

JUST back from Labour Party Conference Gordon Schaffer on "East-West Trade and World Peace." Fri., October 3, 7.45 p.m. All welc. Refreshments. British Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

"GERMAN Rearmament—The Fatal Step." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Fri. Oct. 10, 7.30. Org. by Ctee. for Peaceful Solution of the German Problem. Chair: Stuart Morris. Spkrs.: Fenner Brockway, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., John Elton and others.

MANKIND on the March. Aspects of Co-operation Overseas. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way. October 8, 7.30 p.m. Mr. Maung Maung (U.N.A.) (Burmese Embassy), "Co-operation in Burma." Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Ctee.

PROF. V. Gordon Childe: October 9, 8 p.m. Soviet Discoveries in Siberia and E. Russia—prehistoric connections between China and the West. Chair: Dr. J. Needham, 2s. 6d. (mems. & students 2s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. (WEStern 1571).

ARCHITECT'S Impressions of Stalingrad & Moscow Reconstruction. Lecture by John Pinckham, just back from U.S.S.R. Chair: Arthur Ling, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. (WES. 1571). Wed., Oct. 8, 6.30. Tickets 1s. (Mems. & students 6d.).

SOUTH African Student Association. Annual General Meeting on Oct. 9, 7.30 p.m., at West African Students Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Oct. 8, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Labour Party Conference," spkr.: Michael Stewart, M.P. Ad. 2s.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Public meetings at Denison House Hall, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (Nr. Victoria Stn.). Sundays, fortnightly at 7 p.m. October 5, Labour Party in Conference. J. D'Arcy. October 12, "Marx Right or Wrong?" P. Evans. October 19, "Has Man Progressed?" A. Turner. All welcome. Questions and Discussion.

"MY Month in Russia", Rev. Marcus James speaking at the Tea Club, WASU, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, Oct. 5. Tea 4 p.m., talk 5 p.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks every Tuesday at 1.10. Caxton Hall, S.W. October 7: Yoga and its purpose. October 14: Yoga—An Experiment in Reality.

YOGA and Self Knowledge. 1 Day Course. Caxton Hall, S.W. Sat., Oct. 11. Talks at 1, 3, 4.30 and 6.30. Hari Prasad Shastri at 8 on "The Power behind the Mind", with Professor Price in the Chair. Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29, Chepstow Villas, W.11.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Oct. 3, 7.15 p.m. J. B. Coates, "Personalism and Existentialism."

UNIVERSALIST Service. 3 p.m., Sunday, October 5. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, near Victoria Station. Rev. Will Hayes, "The Consecutively Damned." P.P.U. Pacifist Religious Fellowship.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10. (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 9, 7.30 p.m. "The Ultimate Reality." All welcome.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Personality and Power," by Shaw Desmond. Thurs., Oct. 9, 8 p.m. At All Nations Social Club, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"AFRICA: Which Way Now?" Public meeting arranged by The Africa Bureau on Thursday, October 9, 1952, 7.30 p.m. Church House, Great Smith Street. Speakers: Lord Hemingford, Peter Abrahams, Rev. Michael Scott. In the Chair: Lady Pakenham.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The following University Extension week-end courses have been arranged for the Autumn Term, 1952:—Battle of Britain House, Northwood, Middlesex—October 31-November 2: Young People and the Cinema. November 28-30: The Poetry of T. S. Eliot. Haslemere Educational Museum, Surrey—October 3-5: The Larger Fungi (Identification and Habitats). Juniper Hall, Near Dorking, Surrey—October 24-26: Plant Ecology. Autumn Field Study, October 31-November 2: Physical Geography and Geomorphology. Field Study. A prospectus and application form may be obtained from The Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures on "Historians and History," on Thursdays at 5.15 p.m., in the Anatomy Theatre (Entrance Gower Street). Oct. 16: Gibbon and the Roman Empire, Professor A. D. Momigliano. Oct. 30: Motley and the Dutch Republic, Professor G. J. Renier. Nov. 13: Froude and the Tudor Age, Mr. J. Hurstfield. Nov. 27: Round and Feudal England, Mr. R. H. C. Davis. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Assistant Secretary, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. Oct. 14: Copernicus and the Reformation of Astronomy, Dr. A. Armitage. Oct. 16: Is Man a Domestic Animal?, Dr. Helen Spurway. Oct. 21: Indian Culture, Past and Present, Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Oct. 23: The Lost Works of Aristotle, Mr. D. J. Furley. Oct. 28: Renan and Science, Mr. Colin Smith. Oct. 30: Animal Food, Miss Pauline Whitby. Nov. 4: Royal Tombs of the Nubian X-Group, Professor W. B. Emery. Nov. 6: The Biology of Bubonic Plague, Mr. R. B. Freeman. Nov. 11: Soviet Policy in the Far East, Dr. J. Frankel. Nov. 13: Words and Their Definitions, Mr. R. C. Brookes. Nov. 18: Gardening and Social Prestige in New Guinea, Dr. Phyllis M. Kaberry. Nov. 20: The First National Miners' Trade Union, 1841-1850, Mr. A. J. Taylor. Nov. 25: Britain and the Continent, Miss Susan Strange. Nov. 27: Hunting Sulphur in the Andes, Professor S. E. Hollingworth. Dec. 2: Governments, Parties and General Elections in the Later Eighteenth Century, Mr. I. R. Christie. Dec. 4: Guided Electric Waves, Professor H. E. M. Barlow. Dec. 9: English Place Names, Professor A. H. Smith. Details of all public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

"SINCE Freud." Progressive League Week-end Conference, Oct. 24-26, at Kingsgate College, Broadstairs. Programme: Dr. W. H. Gillespie: "What the Modern World Owes to Freud"; Dr. A. R. Redfern: "Fundamentals of Individual Psychology"; Dr. F. O'Donnell Finigan: "Jung's Contribution to Psychological Thought"; A. Barakan: "The Wider Social Implications of Present-day Trends in Psychotherapy"; Dr. David Stafford-Clark: "The Essential Problems of Modern Psychology: Integration or Conflict?" Fees: Members, £2 10s., Non-members, £2 12s. 6d. Apply Conference Organiser, 45 West Park, S.E.9. (Tel.: ELT. 1761.)

MORLEY College. Enrolments can still be accepted in following evening classes: The Victorian Theatre (Ormerod Greenwood); The Writer & His Public (Randall Swingler); Masterpieces of Russian Literature (Monique Raffray); Economics (H. Stanners); Philosophy of Religion (Dr. C. T. Chapman); History of Science (Dr. John Lewis); Science for Modern Times (N. L. Houslop); International Issues of the Modern World (Frank P. Chambers); India and the Middle East (Lord Birdwood); Political Systems and Problems of Government (Dorothy Pickles); Theory of Painting (Dr. F. Lettus); Recorder—beginners (T. Wyatt); Choirs & Orchestras (P. Roche Fricker & John Gardner); Theatre School (director, Rupert Doone). Fees from £2. 6d. a year. Prospectus from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1 (Wat. 6872).

"PSYCHOLOGY & the Modern Dilemma," by Paul Senft, Ph.D. 2nd Futurist Lecture at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Fri., Oct. 10 at 7 p.m. Adm. 3s. Syllabus from Hon. Sec., London Panel of Personal Consultants, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

WAR in Korea: Detailed study against background of Far Eastern Affairs. 24 Lecture Course. University Sessional Tutor, Peter Shore. 7 p.m., Mon., Oct. 6. W.E.A., 28 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. Fee for crse. 8s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. School of Art. Daily Life Painting & Drawing Classes. Teachers: Z. Ruszkowski and John Duguid. Week-end Life Painting Classes, Sats. & Suns., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Evening Life Drawing, Tues. & Fris., 8-10 p.m. Visitors welcomed for occasional classes—no formalities.

LECTURES on French Literature in French every Wed., 8.15, beginning Oct. 1. Hanover School, 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. Gro. 7147.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 483)

More Classified Adverts on Page 492 and 493

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